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Gauntlet, outward bound from Stamford.

Gauntlet Goes A-Seeking

A Spring Cruise from the Sound to Halifax

By A. E. DINGLE

EVERYBODY knows the *Gauntlet*. She's old. Has had names galore — *Betsy*, *Elizabeth*, now *Gauntlet*. Bermuda's her home. Seventeen's her tonnage. She's fairly slow, when there's no wind; but in a breeze she stays with the best of them. Men who sailed in *Gauntlet* in the last two Bermuda races say she's comfortable, and any of them would sail again in the old ship if asked. She has made four passages between Bermuda and New London; never won anything; never took more than six days on a passage. She once sailed from New Bedford to Stamford, yacht anchorage to yacht anchorage, in 26 hours; and she has taken four days to go from City Island to New Bedford. Took 24 hours once to make Stratford Shoal from Stamford. That's about her speed.

In May, 1925, we looked Nova Scotiaward again. Last Autumn we were going, but blew on the beach in a hard breeze in Westcott Cove and sprung a leak. It was too late to get hauled and repaired. Boats were getting hauled for the winter, and yards were busy. So *Gauntlet* stayed afloat, cruising the Sound, until December, port to port, then sneaked up a creek in Hallowe'en Park, Stamford, to wait until the ice went out.

When spring came we had found that we could keep the leak under by about 50 strokes a day on the centrifugal pump. That meant about one minute's pumping on a machine as easy to operate as an egg beater so long as the boat made no more water sailing than she did at moorings. It was scarcely to be expected; but it turned out to be so.

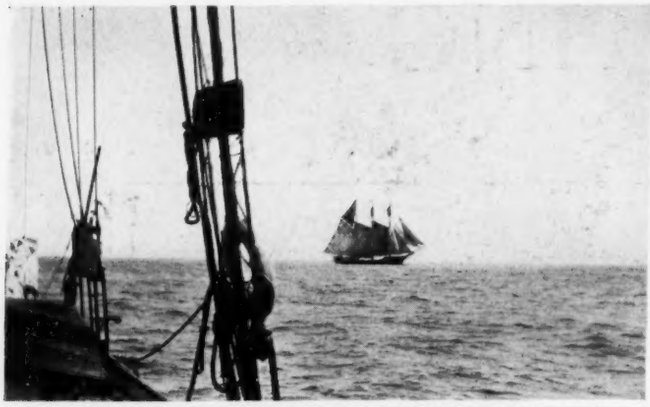
We wanted to visit Gloucester again, after 25 years. The old ship was born there, by Larry Jensen out of Crowninshield, that's her pedigree. All the painting done was the deck and house. We would haul out at Gloucester.

So, looking like a yacht on deck, and like Hell outside, we shoved off. The Muzzio boys had looked after us all winter, and painted the deck. Both jobs were well done. And on Sunday, May 10th, at 1 o'clock, Butts let go our lines, and Bill and Tabs towed us out to sea with their launch, our own kerosene kicker not being entirely dependable. More will be said about that kicker soon. Anyhow, down the creek we boiled, with eight feet three on the bar and drawing eight feet. With no more wind than would flutter our pennant, and due east, we let go the towline, standing out across the Sound.

Now the hook's aboard, on with the cruise. Wind. Where? East. Right in the nose. And light. Oh, well, *Gauntlet* takes it as it comes. There was just enough east-going tide to help us clear Eaton's Point and make into Smithtown Bay. And towards evening the breeze drew a bit northerly, without stiffening at all, so that at 6 o'clock we were heading to clear Crane's Neck on the same tack on which we started. But then it fell flat. Until midnight it stayed calm; but when the sun was setting there was every sign of wind, so we hoped. The Airedale pup, too, looked back at that sunset, wondering what it was all about. She had never seen water that big before.

We worked six-hour watches for an experiment. Port watch had no wind. At midnight we took her over, and brought results in a southerly breeze that grew every moment until, about 1 A.M., a tearing squall screamed down worthy of the Gulf Stream itself. Though we slacked mainsheet and eased her through it without taking sail off, the commotion brought all hands out rather uneasy; and for an hour old *Gauntlet* logged eleven knots by bearings of Stratford Shoal. Then the pumps were tenderly tried. If she had weathered that breeze without opening up, all was well. And three minutes cleared her. So we carried on.

Wind fell lighter again towards morning. At 6, Faulk-



"A three-masted schooner swung around Handkerchief and squared away."

ners Island bore about N.E., and at 6.30 was abeam. Then the wind died again. Afraid to tempt the engine, we flapped along, doing nine miles in three hours, and getting a sounding on Long Sand shoal, western end, for a check, since it had come on thick and Cornfield was not to be seen.

The breeze during the night that had started at south, had drawn around to S.E., so that we were well up to the northern shore. At about the dying kick of the faint air we caught a glimpse of Cornfield Lightship through the fog. And the day seemed dead. It was a case of engine or endure. Fearfully and with trembling we uncovered the engine. There was a new battery, but that wasn't all that engine needed. There was kerosene. That also was only part of the outfit. A couple of thimblefuls of gasolene in the cup — high test gas — that was all the makers claimed was needed to start the machine. She got it. Then the wheel. She kicked! The other cylinder kicked! Another turn of the wheel, and by the Horns of Noah's Cow she went!

Look you. That engine, 10 h.p., went and shoved that old 17-ton schooner along clear past Bartlett's, through Fisher's Island Sound, right into Stonington without a miss or sputter. First turn over after laying up all winter without a cover over it or even having the water drained out. And last summer $90 had been spent on its overhaul, and it absolutely refused to turn over all the rest of the year. What's the matter with these darned auxiliary motors, anyhow?

But Stonington. This was another new port. *Gauntlet* floated in on a faint breeze under power, and dropped anchor off the little town about 4 in the afternoon. At 4.01, or maybe 4.02, it rained. It rained all night, so hard that 50 strokes of water came in through the chain pipe. In the morning there was another glass calm. And the engine laid down on the job on being asked to repeat. There was no breeze all day. On Wednesday, the 13th, still glassy. Asked the question of the engine again, sort of forlorn hope, and the damn thing went! It went and kicked us out splendidly. Again I ask — But what's the use?

Watch Hill was abeam at 9 A.M., and with a small air from the south the old ship jogged along with the engine stopped, making Point Judith Gas Buoy at 12.30. Passed three submarines, too; also a swordfisherman with five men aloft. Honesty urges me to confess that, leaving Watch Hill passage, we hit something that felt like solid rock, where four fathom were shown on our chart. But nothing happened. It may have been wreckage; but it felt like rock.

Had to start the engine again. It started. Amazing brute. There was a small breeze, and we kept sail on her, too, but did not make the Vineyard Lightship until 4.15. Then we saw the wreck of the old whaler *Wanderer* off Cuttyhunk. That was a tragedy indeed. Only a year or so ago we were aboard of her when she came home from her last voyage. It was like seeing the grave of an old friend.

Just when sidelights were put up, the Japanese steamer *Boston Maru* passed us and gave us a wig-wag. Then the wind died altogether when old Gay Head drew abeam. The engine began to act up. She got hot. Somebody, doubtless the dog, passed the word that the wind was gone; so the hunk o' junk called it a day and began to gather up tools. Tarpaulin Cove was in sight in the dusk ahead. So in we headed, the night growing darker all the time; and there we let go the hook again, in another new harbor, in black, velvety darkness, just as the motor kicked her last spasmodic kick and expired with a loud backfired sigh from the air intake.

Tarpaulin Cove is pretty enough to attract yachtsmen in fleets. We were alone there. Had a swim, too, or at least the starboard watch did. Gasps, boathooks, and haul 'em out quick! Thermometer, gingerly lowered, registered 40°. Bermuda is a bit balmier. But we noticed that all the winter and spring grass had gone from our underbody. Frozen off in Tarpaulin Cove, likely. Starboard watch said, "Likely? Damn sure!"

But we were bound for Gloucester. At 9 o'clock on May 14th up anchor and get out. And again the engine started. "*Run, run, run, let the bullgine run!*"

At sea in the old deepwatermen we used to sing a chantey like that. Nobody dared sing to our engine. We just let 'er go and sat on deck and praised her audibly. There was no wind at all in Vineyard Sound, and the tide was against us, so we put the rags on the old girl just to show the engine we didn't care whether it went or quit, and flapped along listening hopefully to the exhaust. It was 10.30 when we had Nobska Point abeam, and 11.00 when Vineyard Haven opened to starboard. At noon we were alongside the Fence Lightship; and then Miss Temperamental quit again and refused to be cajoled.

Gauntlet ready to go.

But a breeze came, just as if it had only been waiting for that bullgine to quit. It was a good sailorman's breeze in all but weight. Drowsily we flapped along to pass Cross Rip at 1.35, and Halfmoon bell at 2.05. As we began to look up for the Hankerchief, the breeze drew ahead, though stronger. Instead of laying a course, it was a thrash, and getting thick among the shoals. A three-masted schooner swung around Handkerchief and squared away, going to the westward. We got her picture, and stoutly refused to curse her good luck.

Wind failing again, Handkerchief Lightship was not abeam until 5.30; and it was dark before Stone Horse winked down on our decks. Sluggishly we drifted through Pollock Rip Slue, to win finally to open water at 8.15, with a thick night ahead, a drizzle of rain, and a lumpy sea that rolled us around and gave both watches that funny feeling by 11 o'clock.

The starboard watch find it cold back side of the Cape.

On the railway at Gloucester.

But Dave (haven't mentioned Dave yet) had an appetite. He was educated at Harvard. He was not so much of a sailor, but he blew aboard in Stamford, taking the place of an older hand, and announced right away, "I don't know much about it, skipper, but I love washing dishes." Did y' ever have a shipmate like that? It was a novelty to the *Gauntlet*. Dave proved a splendid shipmate. He was hungry enough to want to cook, too, if nobody else started anything. So that first night at sea, standing out to get an offing five miles beyond Pollock Rip Lightship, when the other members of both watches had curled up, Dave and the skipper joined up into an emergency watch, and while the skipper steered Dave made a caldron full of wonderful stew. The Shipmate range, galley aft, took charge of everything after the pot was full and lashed down, and the burble and gurgle of that stew was a thing for the great Sea Gods. There was beef, and corn, and lobster, and spuds in it; onions, and hard tack, and tomatoes. The aroma was heavenly. It raised an appetite such as started cannibalism in Fiji. We two ate, and held on to it, while the pup sniffed uncertainly, then went and coiled down behind the wheel gear.

Through fog and variable winds the night was passed. Rain, oilskins, and mufflers. Out of the fog, with a rising easterly breeze and a confused sea, Highland Light on Cape Cod loomed at 6.30 in the morning, about a mile distant, and the seas could be heard at the base of the cliffs. N. by W. ¾ W. with that rising easterly wind we trimmed sheets for the 40-mile slog, and the wind seemed about to settle down hard. Just once, for ten minutes off the tip of the Cape, with Pilgrim Monument showing momentarily in a stab of sunlight, the breeze dropped altogether and the sea fell calm. That did not last. But while it existed the pup got her breath long enough to clean out the stewpot and wag her tail twice. She held on to the stew, too, and made a good job of the pot. Then came the breeze again, in a rip snorting half-gale that buried the lee rail and made the old ship roar.

About 10 A.M. passed two big schooners lying to long hawsers with riding sails set. Rummers, no doubt, but it would have required more than a bottle o' rum to coax *Gauntlet* alongside either of them. Lord, how they rolled! By noon, 30 miles of the forty were covered, under foresail alone since 10 o'clock. There was no hurry. Two hands were sick. Eastern Point was within comfortable sail, and it was better to be able to stand up and eat, and slog easily along, than to bury the ship and make everybody uncomfortable. We were not racing.

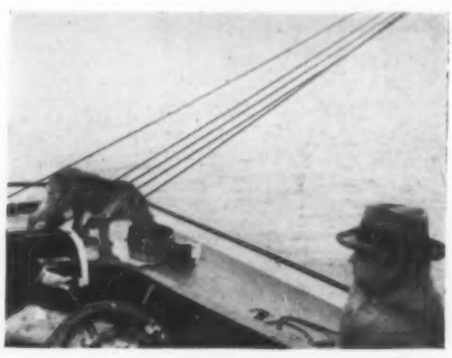
And while on the subject of comfort, a word for charcoal in the Shipmate stove. *Gauntlet* carries half a ton of hard coal in bunkers. But 50 bags of charcoal take care of the stove for a month. The coal is used in trimming for all-night use. At any time during the day the draughts can be opened and the embers of the breakfast charcoal will respond to a handful of fresh charcoal chucked in; and when through cooking, a bit more charcoal and a couple of shovels of coal will start the night fire for your beans or hash, and coffee. *Gauntlet* has always for night watch a pan of hash, or a pot of beans, or a *Gauntlet* stew, and the big coffee pot on tap. *Gauntlet* stew is outlined above. You'd be surprised.

As for deck comfort, about all *Gauntlet* does is to carry boom tackles and crotch guys always rigged, and permanent reefing tackles. Unless we want comfort, it is rarely necessary to reef or take in sail; but when it is, one hand can do it easily.

It was about 3 o'clock when Eastern Point was sighted dead ahead. The seas were steep, but the wind was taking off as we closed the land. Everything looked bleak and desolate, until the sun suddenly came out, and the wind dropped to a gentle breeze. It was almost incredible that twenty minutes earlier we had been slogging along through a blusterous dusting. (*Continued on page 94*)

Handkerchief Lightship.

A swordfisherman off Pt. Jude.



The pup takes interest.

Eighteen of the yachts in the Bermuda Race of 1923, at anchor off Hamilton after the finish.

Getting Set for the Bermuda Race

Entries and Enthusiasm Increasing and a Big Fleet Likely

WITH bona fide entries still coming in, and enthusiasm increasing in all quarters, it looks as though the 1926 Bermuda Race, scheduled to start from New London at 10 A.M. on June 20th, would outshine all previous races to the land of onions and lilies. Starting with some eight or ten boats in January, the entry list has increased, slowly but surely, until at this writing, two months before the start, 21 craft are being prepared for the 660-mile dash across the Gulf Stream. Some five or six more owners of eligible craft are nibbling at the bait, and it would not be at all surprising if the record of 22 starters, made in 1923, would be shattered.

The race will be run under the joint auspices of the Cruising Club of America and the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club, the conditions remaining very much the same as in recent races. Overall measurement will be used, the time allowance being 45 minutes per foot for the course.

The Bermuda Cup, a handsome trophy donated to the Cruising Club by Mr. James G. Hall, will be awarded to the yacht making the best corrected time over the course, all yachts racing together in one class. The Royal Bermuda Yacht Club has offered a trophy for the winner of Class A, for boats not over 70 feet long and not under 53 feet, while the New Haven Yacht Club is sponsoring the first prize in Class B, for yachts not over 52 feet and not under 35 feet in length. The first prize in Class C, for the Fisherman Type yachts from 35 to 70 feet long, is offered by YACHTING, and there will be an Amateur Prize for the boats whose crew is composed solely of amateurs. Second prizes will be awarded in all classes in which four or more boats start.

The entries made up to April 19th are as follows:

YACHT		LENGTH	OWNER
Blue Goose	Schooner	70′	M. V. C. Ruxton
Quita	"	60′	George Woodward, Jr.
Fei Seen	"	58′	Irving Cox
Cygnet	"	58′	Paul Hammond and Elihu Root, Jr.
Windjammer	"	57′	Edward Crabbe
Caroline	"	64′	Roger Young
Countess	"	56′	L. Gordon Hamersley
Blue Water	"	55′	Melville R. Smith
Malabar VII	"	54′	John G. Alden
Black Goose	"	52′	W. F. Downs
Gauntlet	"	50′	A. E. Dingle
Malay	"	45′	R. W. Ferris
Sagamore	"	44′	Edward W. Madeira
Surprise	"	44′	M. L. Kattenhorn
Mary Ann	"	42′	John Parkinson
Malabar III	"	42′	Everett Morss, Jr.
Harlequin	"	42′	George Gallowhur
Dragoon	Ketch	66′	R. N. Bavier
Mary	"	41′	Henry C. Rowland
Breeze	"	40′	W. M. Ronan
Primrose III	Yawl	48′	O. S. Payson

A survey of the situation brings to light several interesting facts. Of the combined fleets which started in 1923 and 1924, but three boats — *Surprise*, *Mary Ann* and *Gauntlet* — are entered this year. *Surprise* and *Mary Ann* took part in the 1923 affair, while *Gauntlet* is a veteran of both races.

Some seven or eight boats will carry the Marconi rig, which should provide a fine test of its merits in comparison with craft equipped with gaff-headed sails. The two Seawanhaka Schooners, *Fei Seen* and *Cygnet*, will carry the Marconi on the mainmast and the much discussed "staysail rig" between main and foremasts. The performance of the latter rig in offshore work will be watched with great interest by yachtsmen the world over.

The adherents of the shoal draft type of craft will have to pin their faith on one of two boats — Mr. Crabbe's schooner *Windjammer* or Dr. Rowland's ketch-schooner *Mary*, both of which are well known to readers of YACHTING. Little is known about *Mary's* speed, but those who had the opportunity of seeing *Windjammer* in action in the Larchmont-Gloucester race last year are predicting that she stands an excellent chance of "cleaning up."

In the last two races there were boats which, though technically qualified, were hardly the type to be recommended for blue water work — boats which were deficient in displacement or freeboard, and whose design was none too good for the job on hand. This type of craft is noticeably absent this year, and it would seem that yachtsmen are learning the best type in which to do rough water work. This should be encouraging to the sponsors of the race, as the Bermuda Race was organized and developed "to encourage the designing, building and sailing of small, seaworthy yachts," etc., etc., and to "furnish a test of yachts of the cruising type, qualified for offshore cruising and racing." Every boat entered this year looks as though thoroughly able, comfortable and safe for cruising in rougher waters than are usually encountered in average summer cruising.

While no entries have been made to date by the Bermudians, it is rumored that one or more entries may be expected shortly. In 1923 the little yawl *Dainty* came within some 40 minutes of *Malabar IV* for the Bermuda Trophy, and in 1924 *Dainty* and the Bermuda schooner *Sylvia* both made a good showing.

The river at Canton, showing two of the smaller Canton-Hongkong steamers of the type that have suffered from recent piracies.

Recent Piracies in the China Seas

Modern Methods Different from the Old, but Just as Effective — Bandits Always a Menace to Coastwise Shipping

By Charles H. Haines

"We'd a long brass gun amidships, like a well-conducted ship,
We had each a brace of pistols, and a cutlass at the hip;
It's a point which tells against us, and a fact to be deplored,
But we chased the goodly merchantmen and laid their ships aboard."
— Masefield.

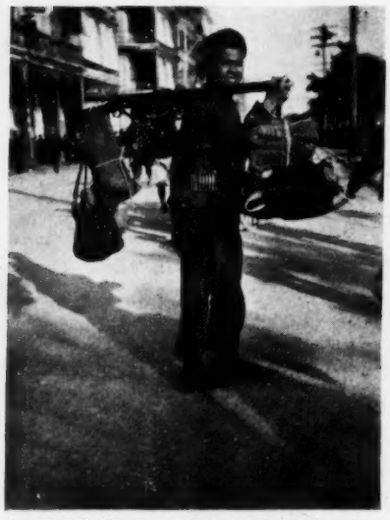
BUT that's all a story of the past. Were I a poet myself, I might be tempted to venture something in the present tense to tell a little of the every-day pranks of modern pirates in the China seas. But prose must serve, and the plain facts should tell a vivid enough story.

The truth is, that, far from dying out, piracies in these troubled waters continue to grow more and more frequent and serious as the political disintegration of China proceeds. A few years ago the hold-up of a steamer of any size, though not a novelty, was certainly a much talked-of affair. To-day, as one glances through a Hongkong paper, he is merely curious and interested, never surprised, at the oft-repeated headline "Another Piracy"; and he passes it off without much concern. Occasionally a foreigner, usually one of the ship's officers, gets shot in the scuffle, but in general the ship escapes with only a thorough looting. The Chinese, however, get the worst of it in every way. You must remember that Chinese bandits have a way of inducing victims to accompany them after the robbing is all done. The pirates see the profits in this game; they go our old timers one better than the walking of the plank idea. Human beings pass as exceedingly fine currency, usually the best part of a haul, so that one reads of the success of a recent venture as amounting to "about sixteen thousand dollars and eighty-five passengers."

The *Tai Lee*, beached as a result of a typhoon. The subsequent piracy of this vessel is recounted here.

The center of all this activity are the waters about Hongkong, the great southern seaport of China created and held by the British. Hongkong is at the mouth of a vast and rich river delta. Small native boats of every description bring the wealth of South China from branching rivers hundreds of miles inland, and from the countless, mazy waterways of the delta, to disgorge in the great metropolis. There it is consumed or transshipped for the ports of the world. A never ending line of commerce finds its way among the bays, islands, and channels which connect Hongkong with quaint old Canton, 90 miles inland. Macao, the ancient and historic colony of Portugal, with its clawing smell of opium and a reputation as the Monte Carlo of the Orient, makes the third point of a triangle, marking the opposite corner from Hongkong where the great Canton delta breaks into the sea. The Ladrone Islands, notorious in pirate history, are included in this triangle, and hold good their reputation. The wretched captives are frequently taken there to be held for ransom, and the bodies of those who have died in this captivity, or whose families could not afford the demanded ransom, are usually washed up on surrounding shores.

Fair-sized coastal steamers plying out of Hongkong up and down the China coast have suffered heavily from the pirates. Others which have proved profitable to the modern freebooters are the large day and night river steamers connecting the Canton, Hongkong, and Macao triangle with excellent service — several lines of them.



A typical Canton pirate, snapped in the street during the recent fighting there.

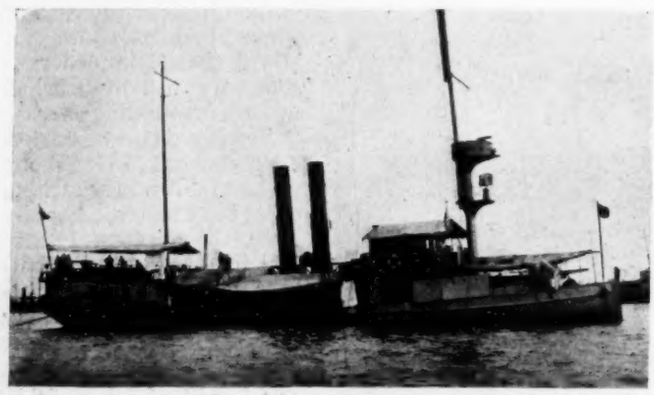
A silk junk showing armament and steel plating for protection against pirates.

Piracy guards on Hongkong-Canton passenger steamers.

But by far the worst and most constant depredations have been on the native "passage boats" and junks that thread their way through the unprotected passages of the delta and for short distances up and down the coast. The passage boat is something on the order of the old canal boats of our country. With a number of wealthy merchants in the first class cabins, and sweating Chinese packed like cattle in the second and third class squatting spaces, these boats carry up to 300 passengers and considerable cargo, and are towed all through the delta by steam launches. Most of them fly several picturesque looking streamers with Chinese characters written on them indicating the various groups of pirates along the route to whom they pay regular tribute. When these junks are held up it is often by some stranger band operating outside its rightful field.

This foreword may serve as a background in recounting a few samples of the piracies of the last few years. Some of them are quoted direct from the Hongkong papers, from which much of my material is drawn. Others are from personal accounts. It should be remembered they are but samples chosen from scores of such incidents, with some attempt at variety. To give a full account of piracies in this vicinity in the past two years would be the life work of a statistician.

At 1 P.M. on March 25, 1923, a junk from Kap Shek (near Hongkong) to Canton with a valuable cargo encountered a three-masted Hoklo junk carrying some 50 to 60 pirates. At first the cargo boat had no suspicion of the three-master, only objecting that the latter was crowding in on her. Her challenge, however, was answered by a fusillade of shots from the pirates. The cargo boat's crew of 14 was mustered for defense, for which muskets and rifles were served out. During the running fight which ensued for two hours while the pirates were slowly overhauling their prey, the steersman and a girl on the cargo boat were killed, and a woman wounded in the shoulder. All attempts to escape having failed, and not wishing to continue the fight in view of the decided advantage in numbers of the pirates, the cargo boat was forced to surrender. The Hoklo junk drew alongside and about 40 men, all armed, boarded the merchantman. A thorough search was made by the pirates, who took over all the cargo, personal effects, and arms of their victims, amounting in value to *$6,000, threw the dead bodies overboard, and sailed away. The crew of the junk saw on the deck of the attacking ship the bodies of two pirates probably killed in the fight.



Chinese gunboat of the type of the *Kong Tai*, which featured in some recent piracies.

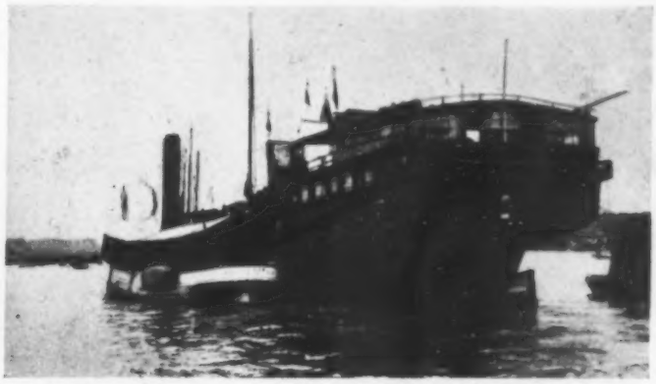
The day after this affair a trading junk sailing near Hongkong was fired on without warning by a three-masted junk which had been creeping up on her from behind, doubtless the same vessel which figured in the above affair. The trading junk engaged in a lively fire, and set all available sail in order to escape. After a long chase the sleek pirate junk again drew alongside, and 13 of the outlaws boarded with revolvers and rifles. Four of the trading vessel's crew were wounded and one of the pirates killed in the struggle that ensued on deck, but the pirates won out. They stayed alongside until they had transferred to their own ship all the cargo and personal valuables of the trader, taking several hours, and then sailed away in the dark with about $2,300 worth of booty.

The South China Morning Post (a Hongkong daily) for March 16, 1923, reported as follows the looting of the *Wing Ping*, a small cargo steamer on her way from Hongkong to Canton:

"According to communications received by the Lee Hong Company from a member of the crew, an ingenious device was employed by the pirates, who numbered about a hundred. Leaving Hongkong at 7 P.M. Monday with a large cargo of rice and small consignments of merchandise, the *Wing Ping* reached Whampoa, near Canton, about 8.30 on Tuesday morning, when the propeller suddenly fouled a submerged wire cable purposely laid there to stop the ship, and attached to two boats with

*All figures quoted are Hongkong dollars. The Hongkong dollar is worth about $0.52 U. S. currency.

Towing launch for passage boats, showing protective plating.



Stern view of Canton delta passage boat with towing launch alongside.

pirates aboard. All efforts to free the propeller from its entanglements failed. The shaft broke, and the ship became crippled. The two pirate boats each fired a volley of shots at the ship to acquaint those on board with the probable consequences of resistance. Several men on the *Wing Ping* were wounded, one seriously. The two boats then drew alongside and transferred their pirate gangs on to the ship." A systematic search of all quarters on the ship was carried out, and few if any things of value escaped. The pirates remained in control on board from 8.30 A.M. until 5 P.M., during which time no assistance was given the steamer by passing boats or people close by on shore. The pirates removed all the cargo, including 2,000 bags of rice, and several thousand dollars worth of property, amounting to about $20,000. No prisoners were taken for ransom.

It is commonly said throughout China that bandits and soldiers are interchangeable — not only said, but true. Anyone in his ragged uniform may be a bandit or soldier; it is impossible to tell which. Many of the pirates wear the uniform of soldiers. The villages so often sacked by the ruthless brigands never lose a chance to hit back if they seem to have the upper hand. A gruesome "mistake" indicative of the temper of the people was reported in the Hongkong paper for April 12, 1923. A junk full of dead bodies was found floating down the river. Unidentified, it remained a mystery for some time until certain survivors turned up to give the horrible details. A company of Chinese infantry, numbering 74 enlisted men and 4 officers, had started down the river from Canton on a junk with four sailors. As they passed Kwong Ow Sha, the village guards, "apparently under misapprehension," attacked, killing or drowning 26 of the company. The others were taken prisoners, and 83 rifles, about $400 in cash, and other articles were appropriated. The prisoners and the four sailors were afterwards shot by command of the leader of the village guards. The bodies were thrown back on the boat, and she was set adrift. The account goes on to say that, "Two of those supposedly executed, the firing squad being too busy to differentiate between the dead and the wounded, were able to escape after having been thrown on board the junk, and made their way back to their commander." So the mystery was explained.

An odd complication, reminding one a little of the rum-runners' robberies and counter robberies in the States these days, developed as the result of a Chinese gunboat's avarice for a little "squeeze." The gunboat was spoken by a junk with dutiable goods which offered a liberal compensation to be convoyed safely past a customs station. The gunboat signaled willingness and came alongside for negotiations. In an instant she was boarded by a rabble of armed pirates from the junk and held up at pistol point in requisition by the junk for pirate activities. The *Fook On*, the gunboat's name, now made tracks under the direction of her new pirate masters for the fruitful Kongmoon channel. Before long she overhauled a rich passage boat on her way to Kongmoon City. The *Fook On* took the passage boat in tow to a little inlet called *Lai Chi Shan*, where a pretty thorough job was done. All the better class passengers, to the number of about 120, were landed to be held for ransom, and the boat was looted of everything of value. The passage boat, with its crew and about 20 of the poorer passengers, was then released to limp along its way. But to add insult to injury, before she reached Kongmoon she was again attacked by a group of three pirate junks, who boarded her and removed all the cargo the others had left.

Perhaps the most sensational of these affairs in recent times was the piracy of the *Sui An*, a good-sized steamer of the over-night passenger service type running between Hongkong and Macao. As already mentioned, Macao is the Monte Carlo of the East, and every week-end sees hundreds of wealthy merchants of every nationality making their pilgrimage from Hongkong in the quest of excitement and occasional large winnings. The pirates, in this case, chose a good time for their haul. The *Sui An* left Macao for Hongkong at 5 o'clock Sunday evening, and should have arrived later that night. She was carrying about 60 cabin passengers and 300 steerage.

At quarter to 6 that evening shots rang out in the steerage quarters, and the Indian guard there found himself quickly covered by about eight passengers with drawn revolvers. Seized by two of them, and shot in the leg by a third, he was easily disposed of. Immediately there was turmoil among the steerage passengers, who stampeded the grilled gate leading to the intermediate

(*Continued on page 86*)

A well-armed Canton silk junk. Note steel fighting turret.

Getting under way from Addenbrooke Lighthouse. The skipper winds the "eggbeater."

A Thousand Miles in a Sixteen-Footer

A Summer Cruise from Seattle to Alaska in a Rowboat with an Outboard Motor

By LINDEN B. PENTZ

THE port of Seattle has witnessed the arrival and departure of many queer outfits, but none queerer, perhaps, than the one whose departure in June, 1924, was witnessed by a curious crowd gathered at a dock on Lake Union.

The boat was only a 16-footer, but broad of beam and sturdy. The motive power was a 3-horsepower Elto outboard motor, a leg-o'-mutton sail and a pair of elderly and decrepit oars. Cargo and crew consisted of camping gear and supplies sufficient for the trip, an Airedale dog, a black cat, a milch goat, a man, a woman and a baby six months old.

Reasons behind the trip had to do with our regular attack of wanderlust, love of the water, and a desire to go back to Alaska, which we had left the previous summer with a firm intention of returning when we could come in our own boat and see more of what there was to see than is possible from the deck of a steamer.

"Our own boat" was an expression which meant in its fulfillment something close to 40 feet long, with motor and sail and all comforts and necessities, which naturally represented considerable money. In the meantime spring had come again; we had neither the boat nor the money, but we did have the desire. Rather than give up the trip we determined to go, even if the boat were but a rowboat. And a rowboat she was, though rather a husky one.

The boat we used was the veteran of many a stormy voyage in Alaskan waters, being a captain's gig from one of the old square-riggers used in Alaska during the big days of salmon canning. Probably our boat was 30 years old, but "them was the days" when they built real boats, and the *Ark*, as we rather unoriginally named our craft, was an example of the boat-building art at its best. Sixteen feet over all, with just under five feet beam, she was built with frame of oak and teak, ribs a good inch square and cedar planking three-quarters of an inch thick. Thwarts and thole pins for six men had she, and stern sheets for the captain bold. Also a mast taller than the boat was long, on which we rigged a leg-o-mutton sail, with a boom.

But for our main power plant we relied on an Elto outboard motor. Although the *Ark* was easily four times as heavy as the ordinary boat to which an outboard is usually attached, we managed to get six quite respectable statute miles with this engine, carrying our full load. Bucking wind and tide our speed was cut down rapidly.

The dog and cat were merely fancies on our part. The goat, however, was an essential feature. A continual supply of fresh cow's milk for the baby was out of the question, but carrying a goat seemed to offer a solution of the problem, and was practicable. Therefore Seregro, the goat. In the three months' trip Baby Jean gained five pounds on goat's milk.

To meet the problem of shelter for the baby in our open boat I took the crib in which he had always slept, a large clothes basket, and covered it entirely with a tight fitting canvas cover, sides and bottom, then waterproofed the canvas. For the top I rigged something like the ridge pole of a tent, with an "A" at one end, fitting into holes in the rim of the basket at each end, and over this I fastened another piece of waterproofed canvas, cut to fit snugly and fastened on hooks around the edge of the basket. With this rig in place all sorts of weather could be kept out of the basket. Then half a cork life preserver was fastened on each side of the crib, and with clothes and other baby necessities in the bottom for ballast Baby Jean was prepared to go adrift and float indefinitely if the boat was swamped.

Our first jump was from Seattle to Anacortes, a matter of 100 miles, which we made in two days without incident of note except that both my wife and Jean became badly sunburned. Anacortes being our home we decided to lay over there to allow the sunburn to heal; also to allow me time to rig the sail we had made in Seattle.

A bit of the Alaskan Coast, Mendenhall Glacier, Juneau.

Two days later we were off again, crossing Puget Sound among the far-famed San Juan Islands into Canadian water, another two-day trip. We entered Canadian territory at the port of Sidney, on Vancouver Islands, where custom house formalities were soon completed and we sailed to find a camping place for the night.

Leaving Sidney, as one cruises north along Vancouver Island, there are any number of small islands to be seen, and we supposed it would be a simple matter to find a camping spot for the night. But it so happens that all of these islands are owned by Canadians who use them for summer homes, and whether it was the natural English reserve or the admittedly peculiar appearance of our outfit, we did not find it easy to get permission to land for the night. Finally, when darkness was almost upon us we made a landing on what seemed to be an uninhabited island and decided to stay there for the night, although there was no water and all we carried was a two-gallon water bag.

With a stiff breeze blowing, the following morning, nevertheless, found us glad to be on our way and we had a wet run across to Ganges Harbor, on Salt Spring Island, and a still wetter run from there to Montague Harbor, on Galiano Island. But at least this last run took us out of the summer home belt and thereafter we found a cordial reception wherever we landed.

From Montague Harbor our next run took us to Nanaimo, at the southern end of the Straits of Georgia, and from here we launched into our first run on comparatively open water, the straits being something like 25 miles wide by 100 long. But we made the run in two days with no trouble whatever, that is so far as weather and water were concerned, but nevertheless we did suffer misfortune. This was when I got a crack on the alleged "funny bone" from the knob on the top of the whirling flywheel of the Elto. The blow put my right arm out of commission entirely for two weeks and it was a month before I could use it with any great success. Within the first week we had the only accident of any importance throughout the trip.

Out of the Straits of Georgia it was but a short run to Seymour Narrows, a two-mile stretch of water which can be negotiated only at slack water. We got through without accident just after the turn to flood, and then started on what proved to be the slowest and most difficult portion of the entire trip, a stretch of 55 miles in Johnson Strait, which required a week to complete and carried with it more grief and excitement than any other part of the trip.

Johnson Strait, as one yachtsman expressed it, is in reality a huge, deep, often swift-flowing salt water river. Tides ebb and flow an hour or two hours after high and low water and the passage abounds in tide rips. When one approaches unknowing, as we did, a point around which the tide is going one way and the wind the opposite way, it is to be hoped that one's luck is good, as ours was. We had this experience our second day in the Strait, and for a time it was a toss-up whether we would ride or swim ashore, if we reached there at all. Thanks to a sturdy boat and a willing engine we made it, although it must have been rather nerve-wracking, which may serve as an excuse for the fact that immediately after getting ashore I missed six standing shots at a deer at not over 60 yards.

We managed to make a few more miles that day and then pulled into an entrancing little cove where we camped for three days, waiting a more favorable day to travel. We didn't know then that good days, according to our definition, were a rarity in Johnson Strait, and we might have stayed there longer except for the fact that a cougar visited camp one evening, and after that friend wife decided she'd rather brave Johnson Strait at its worst. Cougars are her pet bugaboo. A little farther on we were told that thirteen cougars had recently been killed in the immediate locality of the camp we had just left.

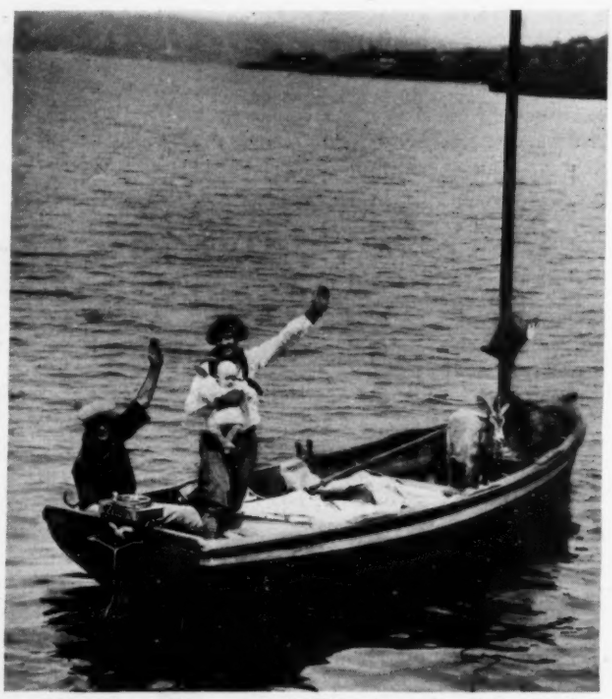
One more day we bucked the seemingly inevitable head winds of Johnson Strait, and then another day of mingled rain and wind, with a clogged gas line and a forced camp on a wet and exposed beach to add to our joy; and on the third day, the day we put Johnson Strait behind us, we had the one and only good day of the week. Late that afternoon we arrived at Alert Bay, on Cormorant Island. Alert Bay is, first and foremost, an English, or rather, Canadian, settlement, there being no fewer than 50 government officials there, a few civilian whites and an Indian "ranch," as the Canadians call their Indian reservations.

While at Alert Bay I made a side trip with a constable of the Royal Canadian Police, successors of the world famous Royal Northwestern Mounted Police. This trip was by water in the constable's official boat, a captured rum runner, with unmistakable evidence of her lawless past in the shape of several bullet holes in her hull and one in the ship's bell, directly in front of the pilot house.

In this roomy 38-footer the constable and I made an enjoyable five-day cruise up the salt water reaches of British Columbia; the haunts of big game, big game hunters, hunters of men and writers of outdoor stuff. After five days of searching canneries and logging camps for "booze" and "dope" and making sanitary inspections I returned to Alert Bay with a wholesome respect for the authority of the Canadian police.

Alert Bay is usually the jumping off place for small boats crossing Queen Charlotte Sound, considered the big effort for small boats making the Alaskan trip. But because of our exceptionally small size, we had to sneak up a bit more and cut some off the long jump by running to Hardy Bay, then to Hurst Island, thence to Cascade Harbor on Neigi Island, and from there across the dreaded Sound.

On Hurst Island we were entertained over night by the elderly wife of a 70-year-old homesteader, the man being away at the time. She, short and stocky, with the strength of a man, clad in overalls and a seaman's cap, smoking a pipe and chewing "snoose," the while she swore expertly, bunked us down on the floor of the one-room log cabin and fed us sourdough hotcakes that addicted us to the habit for the remainder of the trip, in the vain hope of equalling hers. Barring the semi-occasional visit of a granddaughter, my wife was the first woman our hostess had seen in four years.



Our farewell to Seattle, with the Elto, the goat and the Airedale properly stowed.

Then the run across Queen Charlotte, with a start at 3.30 in the morning from Cascade Harbor — a stretch of 19 miles across the mighty gap between Vancouver Island and the Queen Charlotte group, with the full sweep of the Pacific swinging us high and low, and just one stop of a few minutes when we ran into a crack in the rocks of the Storm Island group while we caught our breath and filled the gas tank. Then on again, with a drowsy sun rising above a sullen sea until we rounded Cape Caution and found sanctuary in a peaceful little cove where hot breakfast and relaxation on the sand relieved us of the tension of the run. Not much to tell about to those who have been to sea, but still it was Queen Charlotte Sound, and it was — behind!

Then came a pleasant day's run up Fitzhugh Sound to the Addenbrooke Lighthouse, where we spent five enjoyable days as the guests of Mrs. Edith Smith, keeper of the light. Not that it would have required much coaxing to hold us in a place as interesting as a lighthouse, nor where the hospitality was as whole-hearted as was Mrs. Smith's, but it so happened that a sou'easter came along about that time, and we were doubly glad not to be dependent upon our camping outfit for shelter and comfort.

From Addenbrooke we made a good day's run to old Bella Bella — once the location of a Hudson's Bay company post, now a huddle of ramshackle buildings woven round with a thicket of raspberry bushes gone wild and a halo of romance from movies and stories of the North. A little farther on is the old Indian village of Bella Bella, a modern enough community from the viewpoint of the British Columbian Indian, with most of the male population earning their living at the new salmon cannery across the channel.

Rain held us two days at old Bella Bella, and underway again we were shortly in Seaforth Channel, which we found an unpleasant bit of going. After battling wetly in a heavy sea most of the distance to Milbank Sound we were forced ashore in a makeshift cove by a clog in the gas line, where we decided to dry out and await the coming of sundown and the possible abatement of wind and sea.

It was dark when we finally won into sheltered water after running the gauntlet of Milbank Sound, for lured out by a seeming lull in the water along toward sunset we found, when it was too late to turn back, that the seas were still running high, wide and handsome for us. Forced to make a camp, sight unseen, we spent an uneasy night and were routed out at an early hour by an attack of "no-see-um's," the devilish little black gnats of the northland. The early morning start enabled us to make a good forenoon run, however, and at noon we were ashore in a cove of Jackson Passage where we put out a washing while I concocted a mulligan from a grouse shot along the way.

Another day's run took us through Jackson Passage, across Finlayson Channel and up Klemtu Passage to its junction with Finlayson Channel where the two unite to form Fraser Reach. Here a forest service seaplane flying over us, two boats coming up Finlayson Channel behind us and three boats passing us, heralded the approach of a settlement, and shortly afterward we were at Swanson Bay. Not finding suitable camping grounds here we purchased a few necessities and continued a short distance to a point which gave us shelter for the night.

Then followed a day's run to the cannery at Butedale, where we arrived late in the afternoon and found ourselves in the embarrassing predicament of being almost out of gas and entirely out of money. Underestimated expenses and delays along the way had used the supply of cash with which we started. Finding it impossible to get employment at Butedale, or to sell a rifle there to raise money, we decided to rely upon our luck rather than upon charity, and pulled out at sundown with less than a gallon of gas.

The scenery above Butedale is as beautiful as any on the British Columbian coast, and after the gallon of gas was gone we had ample opportunity to observe it closely. Side by side the mate and I pulled — a boat that skimmed along right merrily under the cheerful kick of the "egg-beater," but a boat which seemed about four short of a crew when it came to an "ash breeze."

Without a doubt Graham Reach has the tallest mountains and the sheerest cliffs along the water's edge of all British Columbia or Alaska, for nary a place could we find to make our camp for the night. Two streams indicated on the chart proved to be only waterfalls, with sur-

roundings quite suitable for seals but not for human beings. Each point, with its unseen shore beyond, represented a potential goal, a possible last of the weary miles we pulled; but each point as we approached and passed it revealed but another unbroken succession of rocky cliffs and beachless shores. A light which we hoped would be tended led us on with the staccato flash of its beacon through the dusk; visions of a warm and cheery lighthouse and a cheery keeper renewing our exhausted energy when it seemed that the next stroke must be the last — visions, alas, which faded into the realization of stinging palms and creaking muscles when, looming coldly through the last few feet of wind and tide, our lighthouse stood a gaunt and lonesome thing — a solitary sentinel of stone and steel.

Once more we settled to the oars and pulled slowly across the mile-wide channel, through water that swirled and flashed, its phosphorescent gleam eddying around the dip of our oars and echoing mutely the silvery sheen of herring schools as they swooped and swerved. Finally, through the darkness we discerned the entrance to what we supposed was Fisherman's Cove, and thankfully we pulled in, only to find that so sloping was the bottom that there seemed no hope of getting near the beach that night. So we pulled in close to a sheltering bank, dropped our anchor and turned in all standing to spend the night in the bottom of our boat. And we slept — with Jean in his crib on a thwart; Seregro placid and uncomplaining in her compartment forward, and the rest of us cramped into the meager space on the bottom. Nothing but daylight awakened us from the forgetfulness of that sundown-to-midnight grind.

Next morning we pulled the boat into the mouth of a stream entering the head of the cove, where we unloaded, and with breakfast tucked away and the sun coming up on the promise of a pleasant day, it seemed we might be worse off. Water and wood were plentiful, the grub box full, and trout fought for the bait in a lake above. The first day we also shot a deer. We spent three enjoyable days in that cove; then a couple of loggers happened along and staked us to a can of gas, with which we got under way again.

Wright Sound was next — it bluffed us out the first day, but with an early start we beat the wind across the next morning. Then into Grenville Channel, which was a succession of short beats into head winds and seas, and required two days and the morning of the third day to land us at the cannery at Lowe Inlet. Here, there being no custom officer, I had no trouble in disposing of a rifle, and the following morning we were away again with a capacity load of gas.

Twelve miles farther, with our mast carried away, we were glad to fight our way across the channel into Nabanah Bay, where we found three other boats, also held up by the weather.

Not wishing to lose more time we sailed again at midnight. Out of the bay, we hit for the weather shore and what protection it offered. The sea had subsided enough so there was no cause for worry, but it still ran fresh and strong by our little craft, lending a sensation of speed greater than we actually made. There was no moon and but few stars; we had to peer continually through the gloom to know how close we were to the silent shadows of mountains slipping silently by on our port beam. Twice during the hours of darkness passenger steamers passed us, southbound. The Elto ran like a clock, and lulled by its monotonous hum it was a fight to keep awake. The mate and I relieved each other at the "wheel," and at our feet in his crib Jean slept the whole night through without a peep or murmur, a tiny boat his cradle and an outboard motor his lullaby.

The crib, bound with a life preserver, in which Jean made the trip.

When the weather was good a "tarp" was shelter enough.

Morning found us out of Grenville Channel; a brief stop for breakfast and we were again under way crossing broad Chatham Sound, past the mouth of the Skeena River and shortly after noon were in Prince Rupert, where we took shore leave and had a real meal in a real restaurant.

In our first fog of the trip we left Prince Rupert the following morning at 4 o'clock. Well out in Dixon Entrance the fog lifted and we continued a clear but rather rough trip across the International Line and back into American territory, Alaska. Late that afternoon we rounded Cape Fox and dropped anchor in a little cove behind a fish trap.

Two days later we were in Ketchikan, where we made a four-day stop, visiting with friends and waiting for "money from home." On the fifth day we sailed again, making but a short run, due to bad weather. In fact, from then on we had bad weather most of the time, something we had failed to consider sufficiently when we had been frittering the summer away down in British Columbia.

Above Ketchikan we cut off the steamer course we had been following and went through Ernest Sound and Zimovia Strait, back of Etolin and Wrangell Islands, a slightly shorter route to Wrangell. In Zimovia Straits we went ashore to visit at the site of an abandoned Indian village, long deserted, but with several totems still standing and other relics of Indian civilization, one of them being the remains of a sewing machine!

A few miles farther our first hard luck struck us. Or rather we struck it — some submerged object which put the engine out of commission entirely. At last the opportunity had come to use the sail, or so it seemed, and we actually did make about four miles with it, after which the wind went down with the sun and then, I with an oar and the mate with a paddle (we had broken the other oar), we finished a two-mile pull into Olive Cove, on Etolin Island. At the head of the cove we found the farm of a homesteader, who put us up in a spare cabin, while his son helped me to dismount the engine and locate the trouble. Repairs were made which might last, but a chap from Wrangell happening in with a speed boat we sent back by him a wire to Seattle for new parts.

(*Continued on page 84*)

***Baby Gar VI*, winning the Fisher-Allison trophy at Miami.**

Baby Gar VI Wins Fisher-Allison Trophy

A Spirited Three-Day Regatta Held off Miami Beach in March — "Miss Tampa" Wins Gold Cup Event

By J. A. Hillis

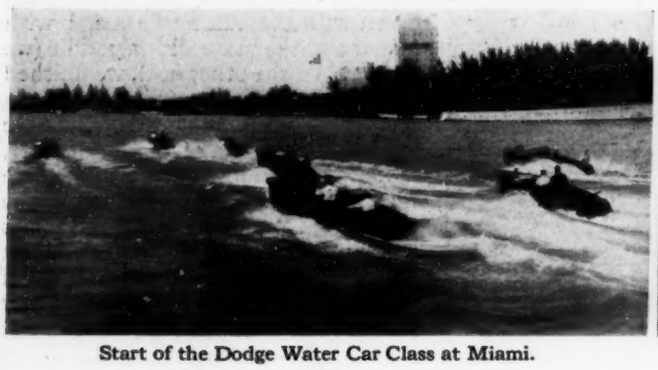
THE Fisher-Allison Trophy Race was easily the major event of the Biscayne Bay Regatta, held off Miami Beach, Florida, March 18th, 19th, and 20th, under the auspices of the American Power Boat Association; and "Gar" Wood, of Detroit, driving his *Baby Gar VI*, easily outclassed a fast field of competitors and brought his boat in a decisive winner, thus obtaining permanent possession of the coveted cup, as this was the third time he had won a leg on it.

Baby Gar VI, Adieu, owned and driven by Webb Jay, of the Chicago Yacht Club, and the *Baby Gar IV*, driven by Phil Wood, were the only entrants.

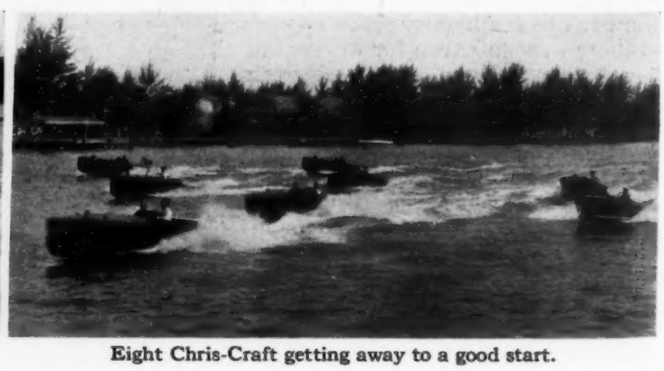
Hundreds of yachts lined the mile and one-half course throughout the meet, yachtsmen being present from all parts of the United States, as well as from several foreign countries. Those from other countries included members of the official staff of Gerado Machado, president of Cuba, who arrived aboard the Cuban gunboat *Cuba*, Urban Hanlon Broughton of London, member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, aboard his yacht *Sapphire*, and a representative of the Royal Danish Yacht Club.

***Miss Tampa*, owned by D. P. Davis, won the Gold Cup and made the fastest lap of any boat at the Regatta.**

In the Gold Cup race, Carl G. Fisher's *Baby Shadow*, built especially for this event and driven by Victor Kliesrath of Port Washington, Long Island, was easily the winner of the first heat, only to drop out in the first lap of the second, when a small piece of driftwood became entangled in the propeller and the wheel was hurled through the bottom of the boat. The *Miss Tampa*, owned by D. P. Davis, and driven by W. Burgess, was the winner of the race, leaving the *Palm Beach Days*, driven by "Bill" Bigelow, of the Palm Beach Yacht Club, behind in the second and third heats.



Start of the Dodge Water Car Class at Miami.



Eight Chris-Craft getting away to a good start.

Palm Beach Days opens up in one of the Gold Cup heats.

H. Paul Prigg, of the Miami Yacht Racing Association, was the winner of the challenge trophy donated by John W. Martin, governor of Florida, and of the Aladdin challenge trophy, in the race for boats of the Biscayne Baby Class. Although engine trouble caused him to finish only fifth in the first heat, he brought the *Patricia* over the line ahead of the field in both ensuing heats, being more than a half-mile ahead of the second boat in each.

The most exciting incident of the entire regatta occurred in the final free-for-all race when the *Baby Gar VI*, winner of the Fisher-Allison race, turned completely over while traveling at nearly 50 miles an hour after turning the south buoy of the course four lengths ahead of the *Miss Okeechobee*, driven by Mrs. W. J. Conners, of Buffalo. Phil Wood, brother of Gar Wood, was at the wheel when the accident occurred. Both he and Orlin H. Johnson, his mechanic, were thrown clear of the boat but escaped with only slight injuries. The racer was towed to shore by a patrol boat. According to Gar Wood, no serious damage was done.

Mrs. Conners brought the *Miss Okeechobee* in first in this race, setting an average speed for the 12 miles of 39.87 miles an hour.

Although there were only three entries in the Fisher-Allison race, which opened the regatta, interest was keen in the event from start to finish. Success of either the *Baby Gar VI* or the *Adieu* meant permanent possession of the gold trophy for the winner, each boat having won twice in the four preceding annual races.

The *Baby Gar VI* got off in the lead with the *Baby Gar IV* close behind and the *Adieu* trailing. The two Babies steadily increased their lead over the *Adieu*, both fighting for first position until the sixth lap, when the

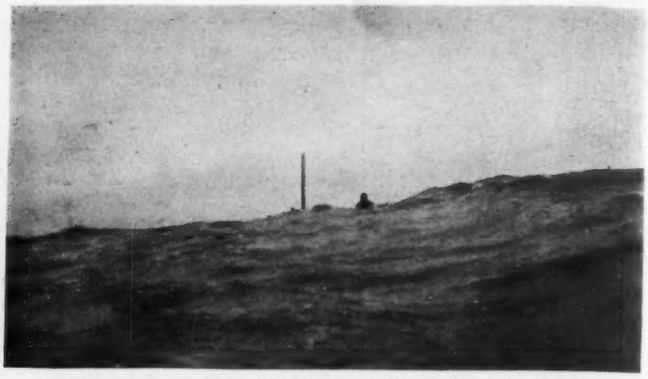
(*Continued on page 88*)

Baby Buzz, and *Bang*, in the one-design class outboard motor race (top left). Winner of the Colonel Greene outboard motor trophy.

Victor Kleisrath, Webb Jay and Henry R. Sutphen, talking it over.

The Elco cruisers get away to a good start (top right). *Miss Okeechobee*, driven by Mrs. W. J. Conners.

The *Crab* taking an easy swell off Wrightsville Inlet.



Sliding down behind a big sea off Murrell's Inlet, N. C.

By Sneakbox to Florida

Part III—"Crab" and "Sheldrake" Reach Miami Safe and Sound

By F. Slade Dale

IT was 32 miles from Cape Fear River to Little River Inlet, and in the remaining five hours of darkness we could get near enough to it so that if sunrise brought up a wind we could make a harbor soon afterwards. We hardly thought it would blow up before morning, and fortunately this assumption proved correct, for once away from the beach we were forced to confess that our Southport friend had given us good advice. As we passed the outlying shoals off some of the little inlets along the way we realized the hopelessness of attempting to find a way in through the white broken water which lay between us and the shore. We made a mental resolution that we would henceforth stay in inside waters at night.

By midafternoon we had covered almost 70 miles, but it was evident that we would fall short of making North Inlet, the end of our outside run, by daylight; and when a head wind came up as we neared Murrell's Inlet we did not hesitate to run inside. The inlet was a particularly easy one to enter, the channel being clearly defined by breakers on both sides and with no rough water on the bar; it is little used by southbound boats, for it is only 23 miles from the regular entrance to Winyah Bay at Georgetown Lighthouse.

The next morning brought with it a stormy southwester — weather which ordinarily we would not have attempted to force — but there we were, within 15 miles of our goal, and faced with the prospect of several more days' delay before we could reach Winyah Bay and the calm and peaceful inside waterway once more. The wind was blowing straight along the coast and it seemed barely feasible to run out the inlet beyond the bordering shoals and then perhaps find a smoother spot which we could follow close under the beach.

The skipper of the *Crab* furls her sail.

We got out of the inlet safely, not bothering with the emergency towline between the boats this time as there was plenty of searoom, and discovered that the sea was shorter and choppier than under the somewhat similar conditions which had prevailed at Bogue Inlet. Strangely enough we found ourselves hoping for more and more wind, rather than less, for a real gale would perhaps have whipped the waves into more regular form and greater distance between crests, so that we could have ridden them out without having our progress so seriously checked. The wind refused to blow harder, however, so we struggled on for an hour or more, thoroughly enjoying the experience and reassured by the thought of a good inlet awaiting us not far to loo'ard. A threatening rain which might have aided in knocking down the sea failed to materialize, and one particularly vicious wave convinced us that we had been at sea long enough. The crest caught the *Crab* and threw her bow so high in the air that she was lifted clear out of water within a couple of feet of the stern, and from the *Sheldrake* I had a clear view of her shiny green bottom. We had no way of telling what procedure a sneakbox adopts when it founders, and while it would have been very interesting to stay out there and find out, still we preferred to put back to Murrell's Inlet; there was no immediate danger at the time, but we had made less than two miles in an hour, and the last fifteen minutes had seen us held at a standstill.

It was at such times, when big waves were all around us and spray was flying in all directions, that we most appreciated the performance of our outboards; somewhat cynical a few months before of such dainty "toys," we found ourselves relying on them in the worst kind of weather, and we wondered how many months it would have taken us to cover the same distance under sail alone. Certainly it would have taken more than a month of waiting for enough good weather to see us through the outside stretch alone, and it would have been no easy matter to run the inlets under sail or oars. We were willing to leave that for ancient seafaring men with more time and patience, while we accepted all the modern conveniences available.

Sheldrake under sail.

At the end of the long cruise, Coconut Grove.

The *Crab* sets a spinnaker.

The next day was more favorable, but in setting the most advantageous time of departure from our harbor in the woods the *Sheldrake's* navigator made a blunder in cutting the time too short, with the result that the flotilla was placed in jeopardy. After being duly impressed with the dangers of outside running in the darkness, and after resolving that never would we take a chance of getting caught off the beach at night, the skipper miscalculated to such an extent that we saw the sun disappear and darkness settle when we were still miles from North Inlet. The immediate outlook was not alarming, however, for the wind had been coming a little off the beach all day, and it gave promise of dying out altogether with the sun.

Georgetown Light showed clearly ahead, and if darkness swallowed up North Inlet we could push on and enter Winyah Bay through the regular channel between the jetties eight miles beyond. Murrell's Inlet was hopelessly lost astern, for there were no landmarks and it was hard enough to locate in the daytime.

If there is one situation which can be relied upon to produce a sense of uneasiness it is to consider all possible courses of action, decide that there is a safe course for every contingency save one, and then have that contingency develop. A sudden hard onshore wind was the only thing we needed to fear, and it was not slow in forthcoming. Hardly had the shadows settled and the shore line assumed its nightly robe of impenetrable darkness, when the wind sprang up from the south and sent the spray flying over our decks as it whipped the waves into that lumpy chop with which we had struggled unsuccessfully the day before.

Prudence told us to head quickly for the beach and make whatever sort of forced landing we could before the waves began pounding up on the sand. Wasn't this just the situation which we had in mind when we built two small boats for the trip rather than one larger one? Assuredly it was; many months before we had visions of our boxes scooting for the beach at the first sign of a rising sea, the hulls light enough so that we could haul them up above the surf.

The *Sheldrake* turned her nose toward the beach. If we were to land at all it must be quickly. The *Crab* was a dim form splashing along a hundred yards further out; she seemed to be making progress; perhaps it was only the darkness which made the seas so formidable. And what a mess our boats would be in if we landed on the beach; full of sand and with the floor all awash, equipment topsy-turvy and strewn about in whatever confusion our rough landing through the surf might entail. It might be necessary to wait several days before we could launch again, and we might be unable to get our boats over the low ridge of sand which we had noticed extended along the beach a few yards from the undertow. It would be an unpleasant place to stay during a continued onshore blow.

In the last hour of daylight we had scanned the Inside Pilot until the passage concerning North Inlet had been committed to memory. There were two openings, half a mile apart, the southern one being easier to enter and the only one to be attempted by strangers. The best water "in 1921" led southwestward of a wreck which showed above high water just outside the entrance. And the statement that the "high sand dunes between the two inlets are the most prominent in this vicinity" sounded encouraging, for we might be able to see their outline against the western sky.

We kept on, one boat close astern of the other, for after it had grown entirely dark it would have been easy to have become separated; the boats were pitching too wildly to keep a lantern on deck even had we been free to

A snug harbor on the Indian River.

At the hospitable Halifax River Yacht Club, Daytona.

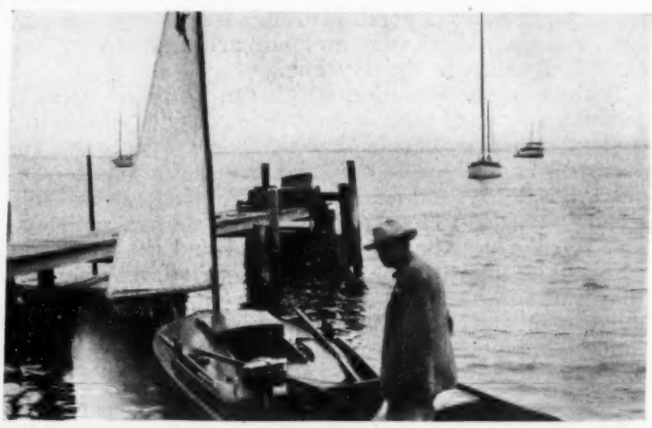
light one. It was impossible to judge how close to the beach we were, and only by edging in until the backs of the breakers became visible could we be sure of our position. The steady roar of the surf above the hum of our motors was always audible and offered no guidance whatever. Just as we became aware of a peculiar lift to the waves we saw ahead a patch of broken water with ridges of foam racing across it, and all around us the waves suddenly seemed to start breaking where a moment before they had been big easy rollers. We had come upon the shoals off the northern opening without realizing it; the low black streak of shore line continued uniformly where we looked for prominent sand dunes to loom up. There was no passage through the white water and we lost no time in heading out to sea; we thought we had done well when we escaped to deeper water without having a breaker catch us. With the aid of a flashlight I stole a glimpse of my watch, in the hope that it could be used as a guide to indicate when we might be opposite the next opening half a mile below; all sorts of errors would naturally enter in estimating our speed and in allowing for our crooked course, but it would be some satisfaction to know whether we had traveled ten minutes or half an hour when I looked again.

Back and forth we turned, first slipping in toward the beach until the waves began to curl up and then heading off beyond them, only to edge back a moment later to scan the dim shore for signs of the inlet or of the high dunes. The two forward hatches were shut down over the cockpit, the after section being pushed forward just far enough to give room to crouch behind. There was not much opening for water to get inside and with the motor buzzing away on the taffrail we were each making pretty fair progress for the time being, though none the less anxious to make a harbor. The kapok jacket, which had long ago lost its identity as a life preserver, lay in the cockpit where it had last served as a cushion; regulations required that we carry it, and although the boats had no airtight compartments and would sink if they ever filled down, we were never so far off the beach that we gave much thought to life preservers.

The *Sheldrake* made a long run toward the beach; the inlet must be close now, though there were no signs of high dunes. The water suddenly smoothed out and began to lift with a motion that could mean only one thing; a hasty glance astern verified that we had gone too far shoreward. A mountainous ridge of blackness was rolling up and coming onward with a rush, a deep-water comber just about to curl over. Would the *Sheldrake* never turn around? The tiller line was pulled all the way, yet she seemed to crawl around instead of spinning with her usual promptness. And the wave was almost on us, the whisking spray just showing on its crest. I crouched low and braced myself to keep balanced as the bow was thrown in the air. For a moment we seemed to start on that fatal backward slide down the face of the comber, then the boat hesitated and with a sudden flop went over the top and spanked down on the other side — safe. By some miracle the *Crab* got over too, for there she was a few yards away, and together we went offshore before tempting Providence further.

An ignominious ending in the surf appeared then to be the logical climax to our trip; the narrowing margin of our escape seemed to keep pace with our progress, and the closer we came to the end of the outside stretch the more determined we apparently became to risk losing our boats. It was evidently impossible to look for the inlet without getting caught in the surf; after our last close call we were heading straight for Georgetown Light, an impossible goal if the wind continued to blow; it would be perhaps worth while to make one more swing inshore. The watch indicated that we must have passed the second opening, yet we might have been making even slower progress than we judged.

We ran toward shore once more, keeping a careful eye astern, until the water took on again that peculiar heaving motion which we had noticed once before, and simultaneously white water became discernible ahead and to the right of us. On shoals again, but this time a dark irregular form loomed up to the south of us, and as we turned it proved to be the old wreck mentioned in the Pilot. The waves were slapping up against it and spray was flying over the top, and there appeared to be nothing but broken water to the southwest where the best water was supposed to lie. The channel might have shifted a hundred times in five years but we never thought of that, and headed past the wreck toward the shore. A big bright star sat somewhere in the west, though whether it was northwest or southwest we hardly knew, but anyway it made a good target, right or wrong, and was a more reassuring sight than the white water around us. The water heaved under our sterns and shot us onward toward the shore line, still as black and unbroken as ever. We could not have turned around even had we wanted to; it was now a case of making the inlet or the beach, and for all we could see there



"Nat" Herreshoff inspects *Sheldrake* at Commodore Munroe's dock, Coconut Grove.

was no opening anywhere ahead of us. A few yards of water so closely skirted by breakers that we were sure they were closing in on us from both sides, then suddenly the waves disappeared, the boat ceased shooting ahead irregularly and settled into an even pace; the roar of the surf fell behind and the shore line slipped around and enveloped us . . . we were inside before we knew it, and our ocean work was over.

(*Continued on page 78*)

Keels or Centerboards?

A Paper Read Before the Cruising Club of America by the Skipper of "Diablesse"

By FREDERIC A. FENGER

IT is with no small hesitation that I approach this subject — the known merits of the keel yacht for offshore cruising versus the more or less unknown virtues, untried by most of us, of the centerboard craft. For I must frankly admit that practically all of my offshore sailing has been in the keel type, and that against this I can put forward no parallel experience in any centerboard craft. And so, while I cannot depart from a certain amount of bias, I believe that for the good of the sport, impartial discussion is far better than hot argument.

There is, of course, the technical side. But that involves theory, which after all is but refined practice. Furthermore, the technical discussion is rather apt to stand upon weak legs unless one can bring forth actual side-by-side experience. For instance, we would have to take the best type of keel yacht, such as I believe my old *Diablesse* to be, together with Mr. Howard's *Alice* or Mr. Crabbe's *Windjammer*, and put 'em out in a real snorter off Hatteras in January. Then we would really come to know something about our subject. But such a test would be rather difficult to bring about and, I'm inclined to believe, might result in a tragedy — to the centerboarder.

Why? Because, with the utmost respect and deference to Mr. Howard and Mr. Crabbe, whose experience with their respective craft has been large enough not to be sniffed at, and whose statements regarding these experiences have been modestly and sincerely made, I must ask the question, not applied directly to them, "Does the average yachtsman know just what he may be up against when he goes offshore?"

The Gulf Stream has given some of us a bit of a kick in the Bermuda Races, while Northers and Trade squalls have given Mr. Howard and Mr. Crabbe a bit of salt water pounding in the West Indies. And the cruising yacht that will come through this stuff, handily, without undue discomfort to her company, and with no material damage to her gear, is good enough for our average requirements.

Yet this Gulf Stream business in June, and the West Indian conditions, outside of the hurricane season, are a mere nothing to the real up-and-down-stairs snorter which one may very likely encounter while running outside, from Beaufort to Georgetown, for instance, at any time during the winter months. And that is something which even the most cautious skipper may have to endure while making his way to the easier waters below 25° north.

At various times I have been made curiously aware of the comparative ignorance of men who I had thought were sufficiently experienced to know just what one might expect in the way of a real breeze. Our Grenadine whaler, said to have been one of the best of his kind for open sea work, lost his nerve completely when we ran into a snorter off Cape Fear. At another time, a friend who had spent all his life from early boyhood up, cruising about up and down the coast, exclaimed, "Gosh! I didn't know it was anything like *this!*" when we ran into a bit of Gulf Stream dirt. I'll admit that it was blowing hard, but not a full gale, and did not call for heaving-to.

"Well," thought I, for I did not want to take the heart out of him completely, "what would you say to a real twister?"

Another friend, of wide yachting experience, became so anxious in a June blow in Cape Cod Bay — we were romping along comfortably enough with just our fores'l handed — that he refused to go below for the entire run from P'town to Boston. He was no coward, I can vouch for that, and yet I believe that I am a cautious sailor. I've been well scared, and I do not hesitate to admit it. And I shall probably be well scared again, till I'm done with sailing.

While I am on this particular phase, I want to bring up two points which struck me rather forcibly after reading the accounts of Mr. Howard and Mr. Crabbe.

Mr. Howard, in his article of last November, says that in March of 1925, he drove *Alice* across the Gulf Stream from Havana to Key West in the heaviest norther of the winter, under mains'l and engine. The distance of 95 nautical miles was covered in 21 hours, or at the rate of slightly more than 4½ knots to windward. This would figure at about 6½ knots through the water at four points off — which she might hold with the engine to help her. Now here, despite your expectations, I'm not going to question Mr. Howard's estimate of that norther, but shall spike this particular gun in his favor and say that this was a remarkable performance made by a remarkable boat. My sly point, however, is that perhaps, after all, northers are not quite as bad as we have been lead to believe.

Let us now turn, politely, in the direction of Mr. Crabbe. In his article in YACHTING of June, 1925 — we all seem to be writers of sorts, and so perhaps not to be taken too seriously — he says, that in a gale in the Gulf Stream, *Windjammer* actually worked out to windward while hove-to. Usually we heave-to for one of two reasons, namely, for comfort in a passing squall — a twelve-hour squall, say — or because we have to, as it has become dangerous to drive the vessel any longer. In this latter event, it is highly dangerous for a vessel to forereach. I have seen a large three-master forereaching while hove-to, and she was making rotten weather of it. A quartering drift should be established. That is, with the vessel lying about five or six points off the wind and while the riding sail is urging her forward, the windage and top drift of the sea somewhat more than overcome the tendency to forereach and give sternway, so that the action of the rudder is reversed. At first blush it would seem that the more the sternway, the better. But I am inclined to believe that this only holds true in case a small angle of rudder is required. For the wind pressure varies, from trough to crest, and with a great amount of lee helm — assuming that the wheel is becketed — the vessel may fall off in the trough and meet with severe punishment when she comes up again to a cresting sea. With a similar amount of weather helm, she may luff in the trough and then take the next sea with her riding sail shaking, and so invite its loss, which might be disastrous. Possibly a square drift — directly down wind, as I understand the term — with the vessel at five points off and having a small amount of lee helm, is best. Now in order to maintain a uniform angle with gale and sea, my instinctive feeling is that the vessel with the long, raking keel and comparatively deep forefoot, is inherently better than the centerboard vessel, because of the wide fore and aft distribution of lateral plane which, as we know, admits of a minimum variation from her heading.

As to the ability of a vessel to ease away from the seas, when hove-to — lee drift, in other words — you undoubtedly get this to a high degree in the out-and-out centerboarder. Yet the fairly beamy, not too deep-legged keel

boat is not wanting in this respect, as was aptly demonstrated by our experience in *Diablesse* with a sea anchor in a blow off Cape Fear in the middle of January in 1914. Our lee drift, quartering, was high enough, probably close to four knots, while the rope to the sea anchor was fairly taut. But when a breaking sea, or rather the top of it, hit us shortly after the drogue was set, the bag, in trying to check us, was blown out like paper. And so, while our drift was ample enough to ease resistance to the oncoming seas, it would probably mount to six knots, or fifty per cent more in the case of the centerboarder, calling for additional sea room even though she may be hove-to at a considerable distance from a lee shore. To my mind, then, the keel boat has a certain advantage in better being able to "hold it's own" when hove-to.

Having examined the cart, let us now turn to the horse, for the chief danger, it seems to me, would be during a rising gale and just before heaving to — whether previously sailing on the wind, or running, especially when trying to bring the vessel around to heave-to after running before the wind. For the amateur is prone to run a bit too long! Then a knockdown might become a very serious matter, for there is a moment — a mighty long moment — when you are broadside, in the trough of the sea. Yet this may not be so bad if you are under bare poles and contemplate bringing your vessel into her hove-to position as you get up your trys'l after she has settled herself in the trough. I touch upon it, however, merely to state in passing that my first requisite for the offshore yacht be that her hatches, trunks and skylights are so sturdy and that she be made so tight above the ears, withal, that she be left to ride, like a bottle, in the trough of a hurricane after the masts have been cut away. There is nothing new in this, Captain Day having reiterated it many times in the "Hurrah's Nest."

More than this, she must be so designed that she will roll down evenly, neither by the head nor by the stern, and with fairly slack bilges which will allow her to lay over and spill the heft of the wind out of her top leaches without losing her gear. But she must not hang! As she goes down the relative balance of her lateral plane must not only be retained but also a considerable portion of her rudder must be active in the water. There must also be enough righting moment so that she will not even temporarily get off a sailing angle and she must have that respectable curvature of ample beam which inherently will tend to bring her to regardless of any great aid from the rudder. In other words, she must always be sailing!

From the outset, the keel vessel of moderate proportions and with a certain amount of outside ballast, will meet these conditions. This we all know from experience as well as we know that a poorly designed keel vessel is apt to be a worse critter than an ably designed centerboarder. If we remove the keel altogether, with its dollop of outside weight, we must increase the beam for stability's sake. Here, excessive beam is a menace in case of a knockdown. For the vessel will tend to "roll out" and the weather bilge will furnish an excellent leverage for the *next* sea. I understand fully the argument that the centerboard vessel at this point is likely to slide off to loo'ard, passing the *next* sea under her. But will this hold when she has a considerable area of her deck under water and acting as a leeboard? That question we cannot answer, perhaps, without actual trial. Further, the centerboard vessel, at this very extreme angle of heel, will materially lose rudder area, through *emersion*, just when you need it most. While the area of the centerboard, which we will take for granted is of the usual triangular shape (as the dagger boards would obviously be impractical in a sizable craft) also would be diminished. Its center moves aft a bit and so tends to throw the vessel into the wind — the desirable thing at the moment. But I rather doubt whether this would even begin to compensate for loss of rudder area and lack of steering ability. In the meantime I cannot believe that the all-inside ballast can be as efficient as if a portion of it were in a shoe on the bottom of the keel, and the remainder rather better spread out than otherwise would be possible.

Let us now consider Mr. Howard's *Alice* more directly, for she is at least fifty per cent concerned in starting this discussion, and a study of her lines suggests a phase of cruising design which has interested me for some time. I first made her acquaintance last June, when for the better part of an afternoon Mr. Howard and I went over her blue prints which not only were the completest I had ever seen but also showed that Mr. Howard had gone into her building with the understanding of a man who knows exactly what he wants. At that time he very kindly asked me if I would like to go with him on the cruise which he is now making in the West Indies. With considerable regret I was forced to decline — having a paper cruise and other matters on my hands — for my mind is not at all closed against the possibilities of the shoal draft vessel for offshore work and I should have liked to have known her at first hand. Her merits for "going foreign" where many delightful harbors are closed against the deeper craft, where there are few ways for hauling out small craft, and these often adapted only to shoal draft vessels, and where the tide fall, as a rule, is scarcely enough for drying out a vessel having a draft of more than three or four feet, are obvious. And so, not being from Missouri, the home of mules and obstinates, I am more than willing to be shown.

Now Mr. Howard's *Alice* is not altogether typical of the centerboard type, as we usually think of that type, for her beam is not excessive — a keel boat of her length might even be beamier — there is considerable deadrise throughout her sections, her bilges are what I call fairly slack, and nowhere do her topsides approach plumbness, except where they near the counter. Even here, there is not the usual tumble home. In many ways her hull is splendid. Perhaps more so than I realize. But she impresses me as being a bit of a paradox, for while she has something of the canoe in her characteristics, especially in the forward two-thirds, she tends to approach the keel type, so much so, that she actually seems to hanker for a good honest keel. And she does without the keel, I believe, at a considerable sacrifice to sail area. Without ample sail area and the ability to carry it, where are you in a hard chance and trying to claw off a lee shore?

You will note a fair degree of parallelism along her middle body. Not as pronounced, of course, as in the Norwegian type as developed by the late Colin Archer, who designed Nansen's famous *Fram* which was essentially a keel-less prototype of his later developments. Colin Archer, by the way, was a white-bearded man, rapidly balding, of about sixty or more when he designed the *Fram*.

This parallelism brings us to the consideration of what I believe to be a rather important factor in cruiser design. By maintaining the same family of curves forward and aft for a moderate distance from the mid-section, the stability and buoyancy of the vessel is increased without increasing the extreme beam. All this we know, of course, from past experience with the more extreme scow type. Years ago I ventured in this direction in designing sailing canoes — not of the scow type — where it was imperative to keep down the beam in order that a double bladed paddle could be used efficiently. The result was a hull that not only was stiff, after a small initial heel, but that traveled very handily on her long lines, and would not bury. Neither would she roll out. The effect was that of riding out of the water — almost of planing — and there came a point at which

(*Continued on page 90*)

The Narrows, Lake George, from Shelving Rock. The American Canoe Association meet will be held here this summer.

American Canoe Association Plans Meet and Encampment on Lake George

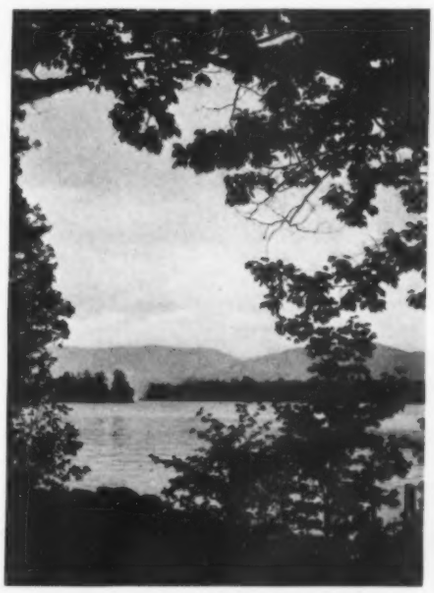
Turtle Island Chosen for the Forty-seventh Annual Camp and Regatta

By LEROY WILLIAM HUTCHINS

IT will be interesting, next August at Lake George, to sit around a campfire of an evening — or to dangle one's feet from a wave-washed rock after a plunge into sparkling, spring-fed depths — and listen to tales of canoe sailors and cruisers of 30 and 40 years ago. It will be equally interesting and of vast importance to the sport of canoeing to see a National Meet — and International, for Canada will be well represented, — attended by the best canoe cruisers and sailors of today. Therein lie the reasons for holding the American Canoe Association Camp and Racing Regatta of 1926 on Turtle Island, in Lake George.

Lake George must have been the birthplace of the canoe, for nowhere in America is there a body of water so inviting, so demanding of exploration. With nearly 100 miles of jagged, irregular shore line, walled about by precipitous mountains and dotted by more than three hundred rock-ribbed islands, it is the canoeist's Happy Hunting Grounds.

And Lake George *was* the birthplace of the American Canoe Association. What more is necessary to incite to reminiscence the old-timers; those who remember the good old times of the sailing cruiser, who knew the sailing canoe before Paul Butler invented the self-bailing cockpit, the bulkhead and the sliding seat? In August of 1880, just 46 years ago this coming August, 13 canoeists responded to the call of Nathaniel Bishop, of Caldwell, on Lake George, now known as Lake George Village. (The organized sport of canoeing in this country had come into being nine years before, 1871, with the formation of the New York Canoe Club.) At this first national meeting or convention of canoeists, held in a boat house at Crosbyside, just across the lake from Bishop's home, Bishop was made secretary, and it was undoubtedly due to his enthusiastic efforts that the Association gained rapidly in membership and prominence. Among its first members were Arthur Brentano, W. P. Stephens, W. L. Alden, and Hon. Nicholas Longworth, the latter two being the first and second commodores, respectively.



Clay Island, Lake George, looking across Huddle Bay.

Having in mind the present day campaigns — National, State and mercenary — to induce people to See America First and to play outdoors, it is interesting to note that Bishop's object in starting an American organization of canoeists was not primarily for the promotion of canoeing; instead it was for the purpose of bringing people in contact with the outdoors and of increasing the interest in outdoor America through the traveling of its waterways. He did this after publishing his books, *A Thousand Mile Walk Across South America*, *Three Thousand Miles in a Sneak Box*, and *The Voyage of the Paper Canoe*. There could be no more fitting event than an American canoe meet at Lake George to revive interest in outdoor America through the traveling of its waterways.

The canoeist may cruise to Lake George from the north, south or west, and of course it is within easy reach of points in New England by automobile. Due to this feature, in addition to many others, it is expected that this year's Meet will see a greater attendance than any held previously. The canoeists of the New York City or Atlantic Division territory will consider it an ordinary, although ever enjoyable, cruise, up the Hudson, through the Barge Canal to Whitehall, and up Lake Champlain to Ticonderoga. The same may be said of those coming by canal and river from as far west as Buffalo, while the Canadians may drop down the St. Lawrence, through the Richelieu River to Champlain. In

Where the American Canoe Association will meet this summer. View north from Shelving Rock.

New England, a section of lesser waterways, many canoes will be transported atop specially designed automobile trailers.

The holding of the Annual Canoe Meet at Lake George is the crystallization of an idea of many members of the Association who have believed that the holding of the Meet year after year on Sugar Island in the St. Lawrence has been detrimental to the real interests of the sport. Not that Sugar Island isn't an ideal spot for a canoeist encampment. Situated in the Canadian Channel, near Gananoque, Canada, one of the Thousand Islands, and having an area of 35 acres, it is similar to and rivals Turtle Island in Lake George. To desert this delightful island permanently, even for more than a single year, would, it is considered, be a mistake. Those responsible for this year's hegira not only favor a return in 1927, but agree that the Meet should be held on Sugar Island three years out of four. For it is, being the property of the A. C. A., the home and mecca of American canoeists.

But it is argued, on obvious premises, that change is essential to life. To hold the encampment year after year on this ideal, albeit somewhat inaccessible, island (and it has now been held on Sugar Island for 23 consecutive years, since 1903), is to subvert the free, individualistic principles which are the breath and blood of the canoeist and of an association of canoeists. An encampment of hardy campers in near-to-nature camps is gradually, inevitably, transformed into a summer resort, dictated by summer home ideas — this in spite of the Association ruling that "No member shall be permitted to erect any building or permanent structure on the island." Canvas homes on platforms and long term occupancy of sites tend towards formalities and exclusiveness as effectually as do "roofs eternal" and individual ownership.

"An encampment of hardy campers in near-to-nature camps." I quote myself, not the management of this year's Camp at Lake George, but therein is stated one of the features, a *privilege*, of the Turtle Island Camp. Tent platforms will be available, of course, and many, particularly those with families, will want them, but it is positively not to be a "dress affair." To the real canoe sailors and paddlers, desiring to foregather in a place and under conditions in keeping with the essential nature of their sport, the Meet at Turtle Island is certain to attract like a lode-stone.

Turtle Island is one of a hundred or more islands in the Narrows of Lake George. It is located at the southern end and to the east of Tongue Mountain, and is about 100 yards from and parallel to the point of the mountain. It is roughly a half mile long, with tree-covered hills and many delightful bays. It has very much the same contour and general appearance of Sugar Island. The northern end, where the Squaw Camp will be, is a bluff about 30 feet high, commanding a marvelous view down the Lake, with Black Mountain beyond. The shore of Tongue Mountain is also available for camp use and it is planned to assign sites there for those who prefer them.

On Glen Island, a five minutes' paddle distant, is located a Government post office and a store where all necessary food may be purchased. Immediately beyond on the east shore is Shelving Rock, a regular steamboat landing, thus making it easily possible to paddle canoes and duffle directly from the steamer landing to camp. In addition to these facilities arrangements have been made to run a ferry from Bolton Landing, two miles distant, for those who drive up.

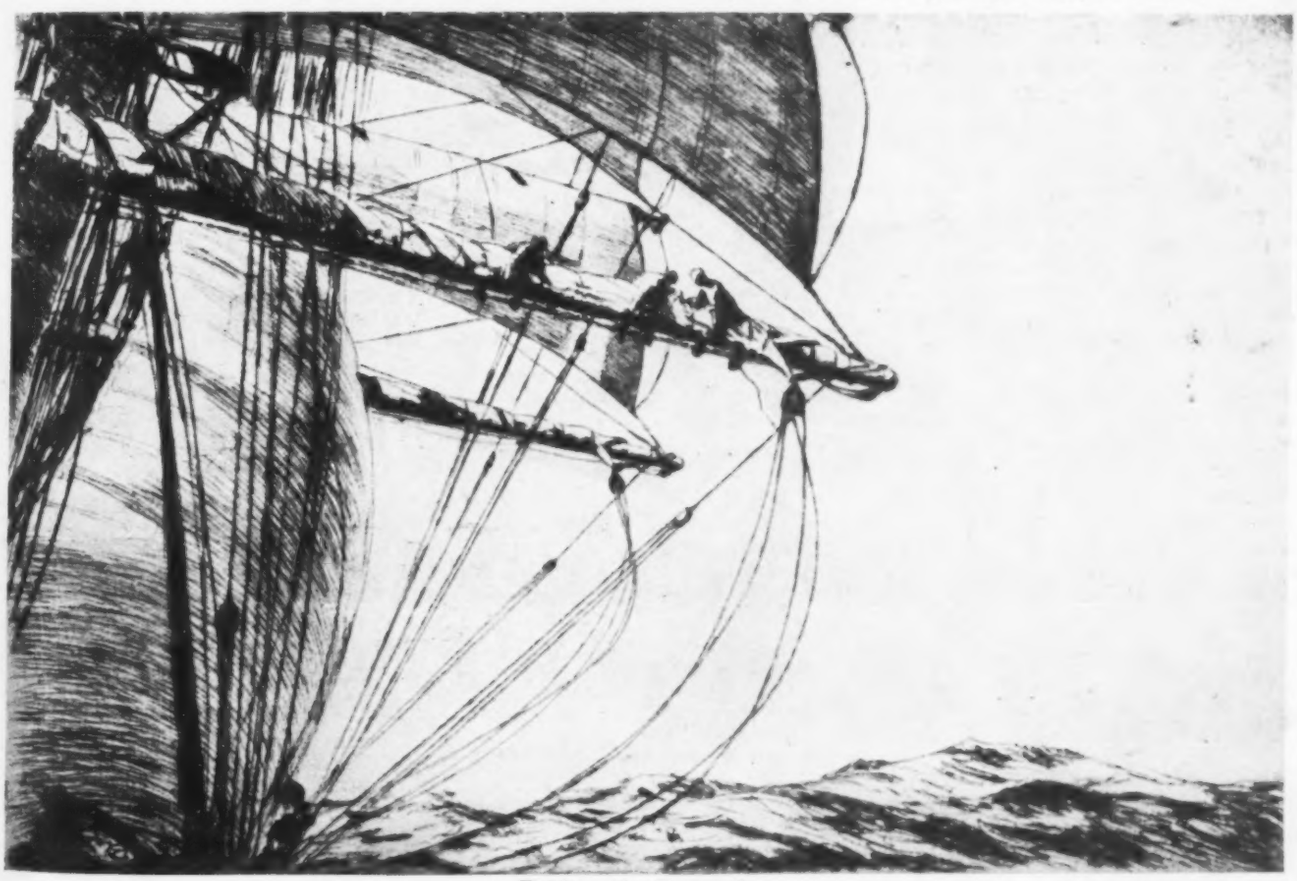
Lake George is the center of so much scenic beauty and historic interest that it is expected that many campers will take day trips from the Island. For example, it is possible to leave Bolton Landing in the morning in a car, take a swing through the Adirondacks that will cover a dozen lakes, and be back at camp by night. Just a short journey to the north, at the north end of the Lake, is Fort Ticonderoga, restored at a cost of ten million dollars. Such side-trips lend added possibilities of enjoyment to the Camp — should addition be necessary, even possible, to the joys of sailing and paddling among the islands and climbing the surrounding mountains.

Preparations for holding the Camp and Racing Meet on Turtle Island were under way early last fall, even before the executive meeting of the A. C. A. in October, when the site and other important matters pertaining to the Annual Meet are decided. In furthering these advance activities, as well as in perfecting final plans, James S. Cawley, vice commodore of the Delaware-Chesapeake Division, was the moving spirit. Permission to use the Island and assurances of all necessary coöperation had been secured from the New York State Conservation Commission; facilities for transportation on the Lake, for the renting of canoes, for food, ice, and such details had been thoroughly studied and tentative arrangements made. Finally, to further the Lake George plans, Commodore Carl T. Hatch called the October meeting at the cabin of J. S. Apperson, on Huddle Bay, Lake George. Around a blazing log fire, the Lake

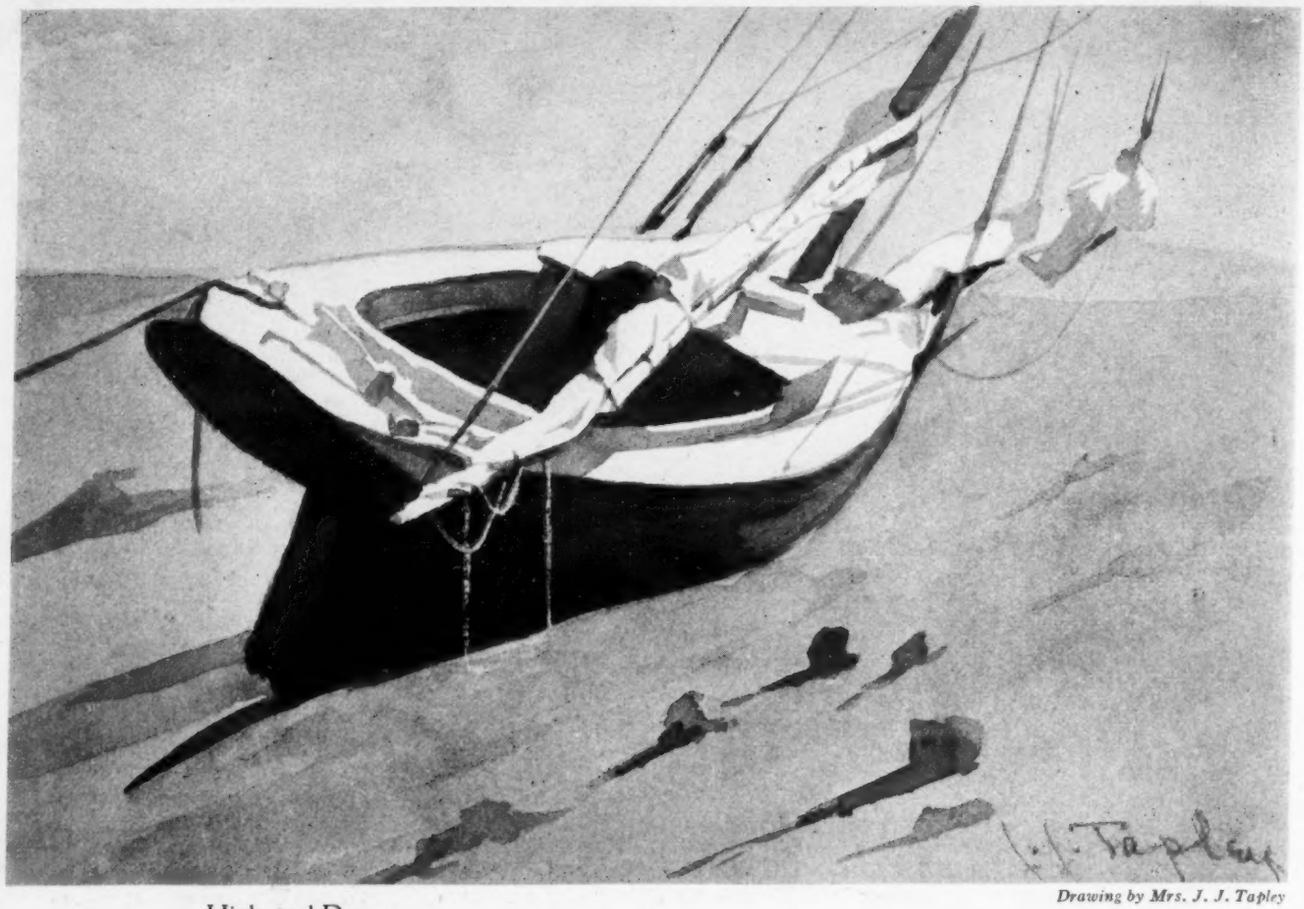
Canoe racing is coming into great favor again.

(*Continued on page 88*)

The Burst Topsail.
A remarkable etching by Arthur Briscoe which shows his great power of rendering atmosphere at sea.



Furling the Foresail.
Another example of Arthur Briscoe's studies of life on the fast-disappearing sailing ships. For these two reproductions of the work of this artist YACHTING is indebted to A. C. & H. W. Dickens, New York.



Drawing by Mrs. J. J. Tapley

High and Dry—

When the tide goes out on the Maine Coast.

Reproduction courtesy A. C. & H. W. Dickens, New York

"The Helmsman," a new etching by Arthur Briscoe, conveying a vivid impression of wet weather at sea.

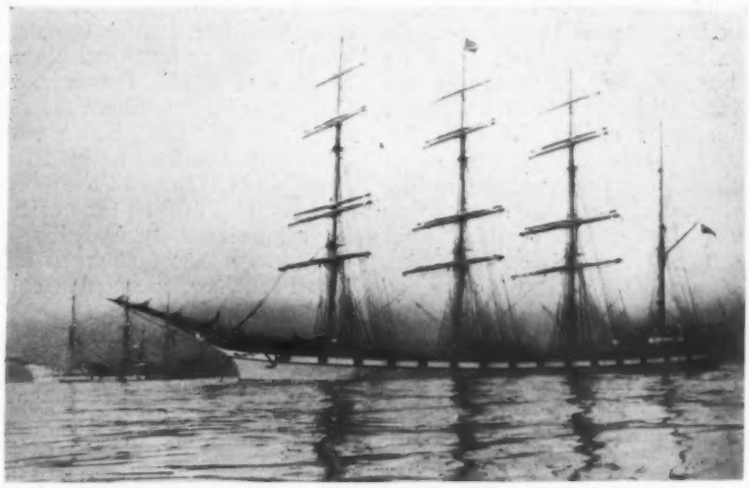
From Calcutta to London in the Bark *Ross-Shire*

By Captain Andrew Baxter

With a foreword by Charles R. Patterson

THE British four-masted bark *Ross-Shire*, pictured on another page of this issue, was one of the heaviest sparred ships ever built on the Clyde, and was commanded by Captain Andrew Baxter, now a resident of New York. Captain Baxter had many years of active sea service, starting in the days when the sailing ship held the sea, and he saw many of the famous ships in their prime, here and there over the world. He rounded Cape Horn twenty times, and the Cape of Good Hope sixteen times as master.

Captain Baxter, accustomed to the brief, terse, statements of happenings on a voyage, as set down in the log, gives, in the following notes of one voyage in the *Ross-Shire*, only a faint conception of stirring days and nights on a big vessel at sea under canvas. The real sea captain, with few exceptions, had little to say about sea experiences, leaving that to the garrulous individuals who, verbally, or on paper, are much in evidence today. They make extravagant claims that are only too often taken seriously by landsmen and magazine and newspaper editors, who have no means of knowing the truth about life at sea.



The British Bark *Ross-Shire*, at anchor in San Francisco harbor. A painting of her, at sea, may be seen facing title page of this issue.

The spectacle of a big ship like the *Ross-Shire* riding out a heavy blow, with lee bulwarks under water, and tons of water on deck, is one, once seen, not likely to be forgotten. It gives little idea of the actual scene to set down in a brief sentence, that sail was shortened, that the yards were squared away or braced up to meet an onslaught of the gale; but the initiated seaman reads between the lines, and conjures up in his mind's eye many varied pictures dictated and suggested by his own sea memories.

Extracts from the Captain's Log of the *Ross-Shire*, on Passage from Calcutta to London

On the morning of January 22, 1893, left Calcutta (Garden Reach) under tow, and anchored at Diamond Harbor same night.

Left Diamond Harbor on the 23rd and anchored at Eastern Lightship same night, it being calm and flood tide. Hove up anchor at 4 A.M. on the morning of the 24th and proceeded to sea — wind very light from east.

The northeast monsoon proved very light up to the Equator, which was crossed on the 2nd of February in 87° East. The wind still kept light and variable with calms up to the 12th. On that date we were in 11° 25′ South and 86° 55′ East.

On the 13th the barometer fell fast for that part of the world — going from 30.08 to 29.76, which meant that there was some disturbance not far away. At midnight it began to blow hard from the northwest with a heavy confused sea, causing the vessel to take much water on board. Compelled to furl royals, upper and lower topgallant sails, and mainsail and crossjack.

At 8 A.M. it looked black and dismal all round, with a high, confused sea. There was much ragged scud in the Heavens which showed that there was a storm ahead — supposedly a hurricane — so put vessel under lower topsails, as we calculated if it was a hurricane it would likely travel west-southwest.

A few hours after we snugged down the barometer began to rise and the wind shifted to east-southeast, blowing hard with heavy squalls and much rain, and now a heavy sea rolling up from west-northwest, causing the vessel to ship a lot of water. We were now under upper and lower topsails and foresail, with the glass gradually going up. The strong east-southeast wind knocked the westerly sea down, and the *Ross-Shire*, although still shipping considerable water, was going along steadier, the sea got true, with clearing skies, and had all the appearance of southeast trades.

We had made sail gradually until the vessel was under all canvas, making 288 miles within the next 24 hours, and doing good traveling for the next four days.

On the 18th we were in 23° 15′ south and 67–10 east, then had a succession of light airs from east and northeast, with showers at times and a swell from northwest, which indicated that there was some dirty weather traveling to the north of us. On the 25th we had a hard blow from northwest, with a heavy swell from west-southwest, which compelled us to shorten sail, owing to the vessel taking much water on board.

On the 26th of February the wind came from southwest (dead ahead). Carrying whole topsails and foresail. At noon still heavy squalls; reefed and set the mainsail and crossjack. Latitude 26° 35′ south, longitude 49° 43′ east.

On the 27th, midnight, blowing fresh and a heavy bank making up at south. 6 A.M. barometer 29.28, a heavy black bank hanging at south — barometer falling fast. Furled courses at noon; furled upper topsails 4 P.M.; wind freshening up fast; furled everything but lower mizzen topsail and foretopmast staysail, and put ship on port tack. 8 P.M. hurricane from south-southwest with torrents of rain and a dangerous high sea from east. Ship lay down with her lee bulwarks under water, but taking no heavy water over the weather side. Luckily we had a cargo of jute so there was no chance of it shifting. Slacked off the sheets of the lower mizzen topsail to ease her a bit. In the meantime the foretopmast staysail went to pieces, so we had only one sail set and the lining along the foot of it became loose and began to go in fringes.

Lat. 26° 48 S, long. 48° 30 E., 28th February, midnight.

(*Continued on page 92*)

Honolulu Race Attracting Big Fleet

More Entries for This Year's Race than for Any Previous Event

By WALDO DRAKE

NOON of the 12th of June, out at San Pedro, will see a general exodus to the South Seas of the salty-minded school of Pacific yachtsmen. It is the date set for the sixth sailing of the Honolulu Race, with twice the number of entries already in as have started since the 2,200-mile ocean event was inaugurated in 1906.

A dozen windjammers, ranging in size and rig from the 45-foot schooner *Claribel* to the 110-foot sloop *Talayha*, are expected to be at the line off the San Pedro breakwater when Admiral Soiland sends them on their way. Twelve dreadnaughts of the U. S. Battle Fleet will be anchored in the background and many yachts should be on hand to send off the racers as they head up channel to clear Catalina and San Clemente Islands to windward. It will be a beat to clear the islands because a fresh westerly always blows down San Pedro Channel in the summer.

In all previous Honolulu Races the yachts have gone to leeward of the islands, but the seamanship of Captain L. A. Norris in the 1923 race, which started from Santa Barbara, has changed the ideas of all the skippers. Captain Norris worked the *Mariner* to windward of Santa Cruz Island and while his competitors were rolling for twelve hours becalmed he had the big schooner footing southward under a wholesail breeze, she establishing a new record of 11 days, 14 hours and 46 minutes for the race.

Four of the five previous Honolulu races have started from San Pedro, the 1923 event leaving from Santa Barbara as the finale of the Southern California regatta. The idea of the long race was proposed at Honolulu in 1905 by Commodore H. H. Sinclair, of the South Coast Yacht Club, when he was returning from a 11,000-mile South Sea voyage in his schooner *Lurline*. The Hawaiians were enthusiastic and entered Clarence MacFarlane's 47-foot schooner *La Paloma*. There was a third entry, Charles L. Tutt's 115-foot ketch *Anemone*, flying the burgee of the New York Yacht Club.

Lurline won easily, finishing in 12 days, 7 hours and 29 minutes, a mark which stood until it was beaten in 1923 by the *Mariner*. She was two days ahead of *Anemone* and three ahead of *La Paloma*.

Lurline won again in 1908, although after a much harder fight. The Hawaiians had subscribed $25,000 to build a yacht especially for the event and this vessel, designed by Crowninshield and built at Honolulu entirely of native woods, was a 70-foot schooner called the *Hawaii*. Other entries were the 70-foot yawl *Gwendolyn II*, of the Seattle Yacht Club, and *Lady Maud*, a 68-foot ketch flying the colors of the San Diego Yacht Club. The trades were light that year but *Lurline* again won, *Hawaii* being last.

In 1910, however, the Hawaiians sailed their boat to victory, she finishing 18 hours ahead of the South Coast Yacht Club's schooner *Sweetheart* and more than a day before the yawl *Mollilou*, of the Aeolian Yacht Club, the only other entry. The *Lurline* was not an entry in 1910, but in 1912 she was back again and won with a run of 13 days, 17 hours and three minutes. Captain L. A. Norris' schooner *Seafarer* finished second, but lost on corrected time to *Hawaii*. *Nattose*, a 72-foot yawl from the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club, was last.

There was no racing during the years of the World War, and not until 1923, when Commodore A. R. Pedder, of the Santa Barbara Yacht Club, brought out the Herreshoff schooner *Haswell* and issued a challenge, was the race revived. Commodore Pedder entered the 60-foot *Haswell*, renaming her the *Diablo*. Captain Norris came in with his 106-foot Gloucester schooner *Mariner*, a splendid craft which later was to win the Tahiti Race, Max Whittier entered the 106-foot steel yawl *Poinsettia*, just arrived from Germany, while other entries were Dr. Albert Soiland's schooner *Viking*, the schooner *Idalia*, owned by C. B. Eyer, and Eugene Overton's ketch *Spindrift*. *Idalia* turned back two days out after a disastrous fire, *Poinsettia* split her mainsail and *Mariner* was the first to finish, with a new record for elapsed time. She lost to *Diablo*, however, on corrected time.

On April 1st of this year ten owners had already formally entered their boats, with indications that at least two more would come in. Interest is higher than at any time in the history of the event, yachts from San Diego, Los Angeles and as far north as Seattle and Vancouver having entered. In addition, the Pacific Coast Yachting Association has sponsored a return race from Hilo to San Francisco, to start in early July. Following are the first ten entries:

Yacht	*Rig and Length*		*Owner and Club*	
Mollilou	yawl	50′	Milton Hesselberger	L. A. Y. C.
Teva	"	58′	Clem Stose	S. D. Y. C.
Jubilo	schooner	40′	J. T. Dickson	L. A. Y. C.
Mariner	"	106′	John Barrymore	N. H. Y. C.
Martha	"	58′	W. G. Lane	L. A. Y. C.
Faith	yawl	45′	Dr. John Harper	R. V. Y. C.
Enchantress	schooner	136′	Morgan Adams	L. A. Y. C.
Talayha	sloop	110′	Lazard Lippman	C. I. Y. C.
Alice A.	ketch	50′	William Myers	C. I. Y. C.
Claribel	schooner	45′	Ray Cook	Seattle Y. C.

Interest of the Southern California sailing fraternity is centering around the former International trial horse *Athene*, now owned by Lazard Lippman, of the Catalina Island Yacht Club, and at present yawl rigged. Her owner is hard at work, however, shifting her back to her original sloop rig, having secured the original sail and hull plans from Herreshoff's. With that lofty spread she is conceded to have a fine chance of setting a new mark for elapsed time, but two more skippers maintain that they will be the first to round Diamond Head. They are "Doc" Wilson, who will sail the *Mariner*, which John Barrymore recently acquired from Captain Norris, and Morgan Adams, skipper and new owner of the big Cary Smith schooner *Enchantress*. Mr. Adams sailed the *Enchantress*, *ex-Katoura II*, around from New York last summer in a rough passage of 78 days.

Regardless of the size, rig and capabilities of the various entries, they will be classed according to their over-all length, as follows: Class A, yachts over 90 feet; Class B, 60 to 90 feet; Class C, 45 to 60 feet; Class D, under 45 feet; and Class E, heavy yachts.

Whistler, **the second free-bottom runabout, doing 26 miles an hour.**

Thirty Miles an Hour in Three Inches of Water

By ALFRED F. LOOMIS

YOU know how much we've been hearing about deep water craft these last few years, and deep water races, and deep water sailors. Well, it seems we've been sailing on the wrong tack. Unknown to the mariners of the mighty deep, a new prophet has come along — one who has no quarrel with those who cleave the bounding main, but who merely states that three inches of draft is enough. He will take you at thirty miles an hour through water too shoal even for the ubiquitous outboard motor boat. He laughs at weeds and eel grass and has been known to cut miles off a journey by forcing his boat over a slimy mud flat. Decidedly, there is something in his doctrine.

This prophet of shoal water boating is George B. Post, of New York, designer and owner of the *Whistler*. It is a matter of interest that Post is a nephew of Edward Crabbe, whose centerboard schooner *Windjammer* is rated as one of the strongest contenders for the coming Bermuda race. Whereas Mr. Crabbe, loving deep water and living near shoal water, compromises on the centerboard type of yacht and cuts his draft in half, his nephew goes him several better. With his free-bottom *Whistler* he reduces draft to almost nothing and in so doing opens up thousands of miles of waterways hitherto unnavigable.

Before proceeding with the story of the development of *Whistler*, let us imagine a couple of hypothetical cases. Case No. 1:

Bill Shott and Joe Gunn have a passion — a deep unreasoning passion — for duck hunting. At stated times they take their lives in their hands by journeying by rail to the eastern end of Long Island. There they bunk in a hunting shack for a couple of hours, but before the roseate dawn has begun to tint the bay, the beach, and the offlying whiskey fleet they arise and embark themselves in a motor dory. For an hour or so they chug across the bay until at length they ground on mud or thoroughly wrap their wheel with weeds. Thereupon they take to the "dink" and row or pole as far as they are able, and finally they slog along through mud and water, towing the dink behind them. By the time they arrive at the duck blind the sun is making up its mind to rise and they have put a day's hard work behind them.

What price hunting passion?

Then a whirring noise is heard. It is not the whir of ducks but the hum of Post's air propeller. A moment later the *Whistler* streaks through the grass and comes to a graceful halt beside Messrs. Shott and Gunn.

"Hello," says Post, stepping ankle deep into the water. "When did you start across the bay?"

"Not more than two hours ago," says Shott, grudgingly. "How about you?"

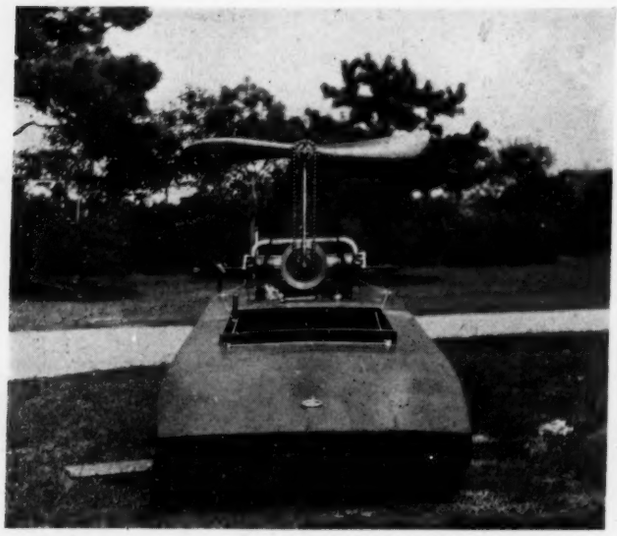
"Call it fifteen minutes to be on the safe side," says Post, "though it might have been only twelve."

Finish Case No. 1. Begin Case No. 2:

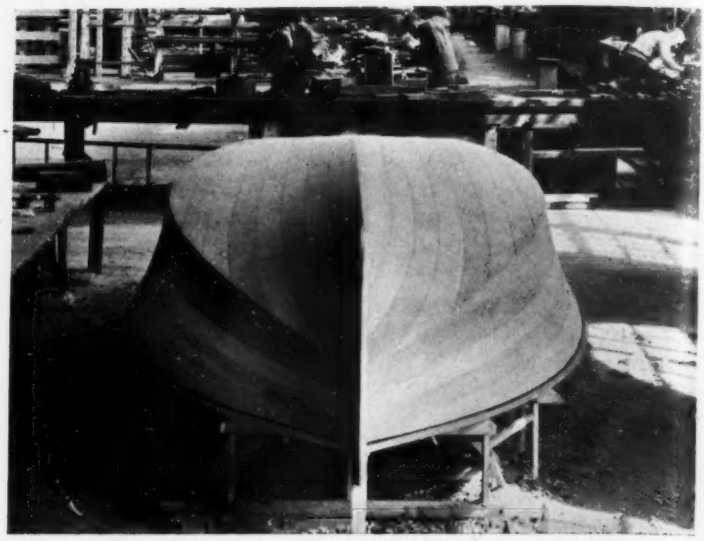
Mr. and Mrs. Texpete, prominent oil well dealer and wife, of the great southwest, desire a summer home on the Atlantic with a sheltered bay at their back door. They fall into the hands of a real estate man (pardon, realtor) who knows exactly what they want and takes them there. Business of tramping over sandy reaches, dunes, and what not, with the ocean roaring gorgeously on the one side and the bay smiling contentedly on the other. Brilliant sunshine, beach plums, wine-like smell in the air, and all the accoutrements.

Three inches of water is not too little for the *Whistler*.

Grass, weeds and shoal water hold no terror for the free-bottom boat.



The first attempt, in 1914, to produce a free-bottom glider.



The new *Whistler*, now building, is a big advance over the 1925 craft.

Mrs. Texpete: The ideal spot for our Houseofdreams. See the lovely bay where we can anchor our express cruiser. Sea water, bay water, all kinds of water.

Mr. Realtor (hurriedly): Abundant sunshine.

(Enter at this moment, from the bay side of the scene, a humble but picturesque clammer, rowing lustily.)

Mrs. Texpete: How romantic. Look! He's rowing by instinct to the spot where we'll anchor our cruiser.

Mr. Realtor (worried): See how the ocean stops when it meets the shore.

(The humble clammer steps over the side of his boat into ten inches of water and walks around.)

Mrs. Texpete (in tears): We don't want the land. Our boat won't float.

Mr. Realtor (aside): Foiled again.

(Tableau.)

But wait a minute, impatient reader. The dènouement is to be followed by another. Around a point of land sweeps a man in his free-bottom craft. He passes a few feet away from the clammer and speeds on at 30 m.p.h. "Give me one of them things," shouts Mr. Texpete, "and we'll buy the land." Curtain.

So you commence to see the possibilities of an air-propelled boat in shallow water. George Post glimpsed them nearly twenty years ago when as a small boy he experimented with model airplanes, propelled by rubber bands. He was never able to get a plane of this type to leave the water, but the speed with which the model skimmed the surface turned his thoughts in a more practical direction.

In 1914 his ideas crystallized in a 16 x 4-foot scow with overhanging bow, straight sides, and a fearful and wonderful step in the bottom which was deemed adequate for speeds up to a mile a minute. The scow was home-built of half-inch cedar planking, innocent of ribs or keel, and it required careful footwork to keep the crew from stepping through the bottom. For power the designer and his youthful friends relied on a two-cylinder air-cooled motor of a mythical 11 h.p., and for propulsion he had to content himself with a high-pitched air propeller of no noticeable efficiency. Such incidentals as muffler, propeller guards, protection from spray and waves, and the like were unthought of, since the designer's sole idea was to skim the surface of the water at breath-taking speed.

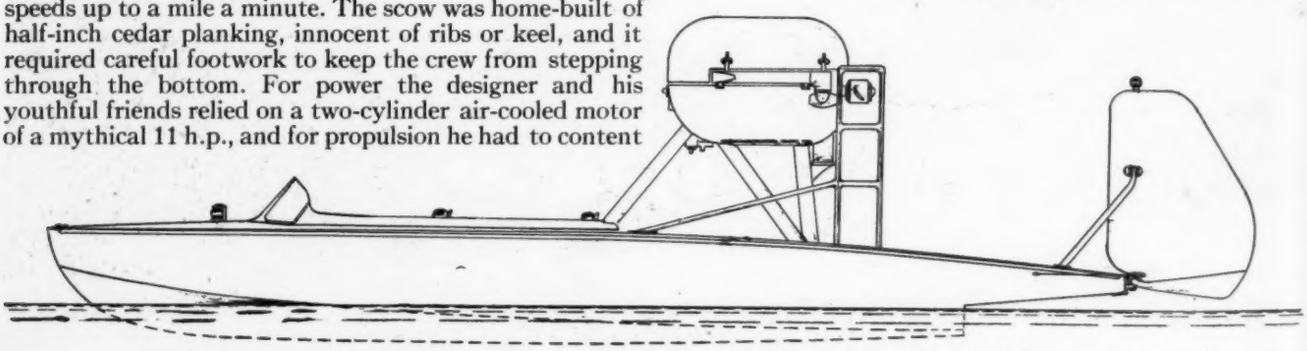
Somehow or other the boat fell short of 60 miles an hour — 53 miles short, to be painfully exact. But as it chugged along with thunderous roar at 7-mile speed demonstrated success in another form. Even though it it was equipped with water rudders it went where motor boats had never gone before. Six inches on a sand bar was enough to float it, while weeds could not grow thick enough to hold it back.

The war naturally swept Post into aviation, and in his career as a Navy birdman he learned something more than flying. He discovered that the sensation of skimming a seaplane along the surface of the water, with wake running out smooth and unbroken astern, was the sensation he had been trying for with his first primitive free-bottom boat. After the war came experimental flying in commercial pursuits, and it wasn't until December of 1924 that Post's second air-propelled craft was built.

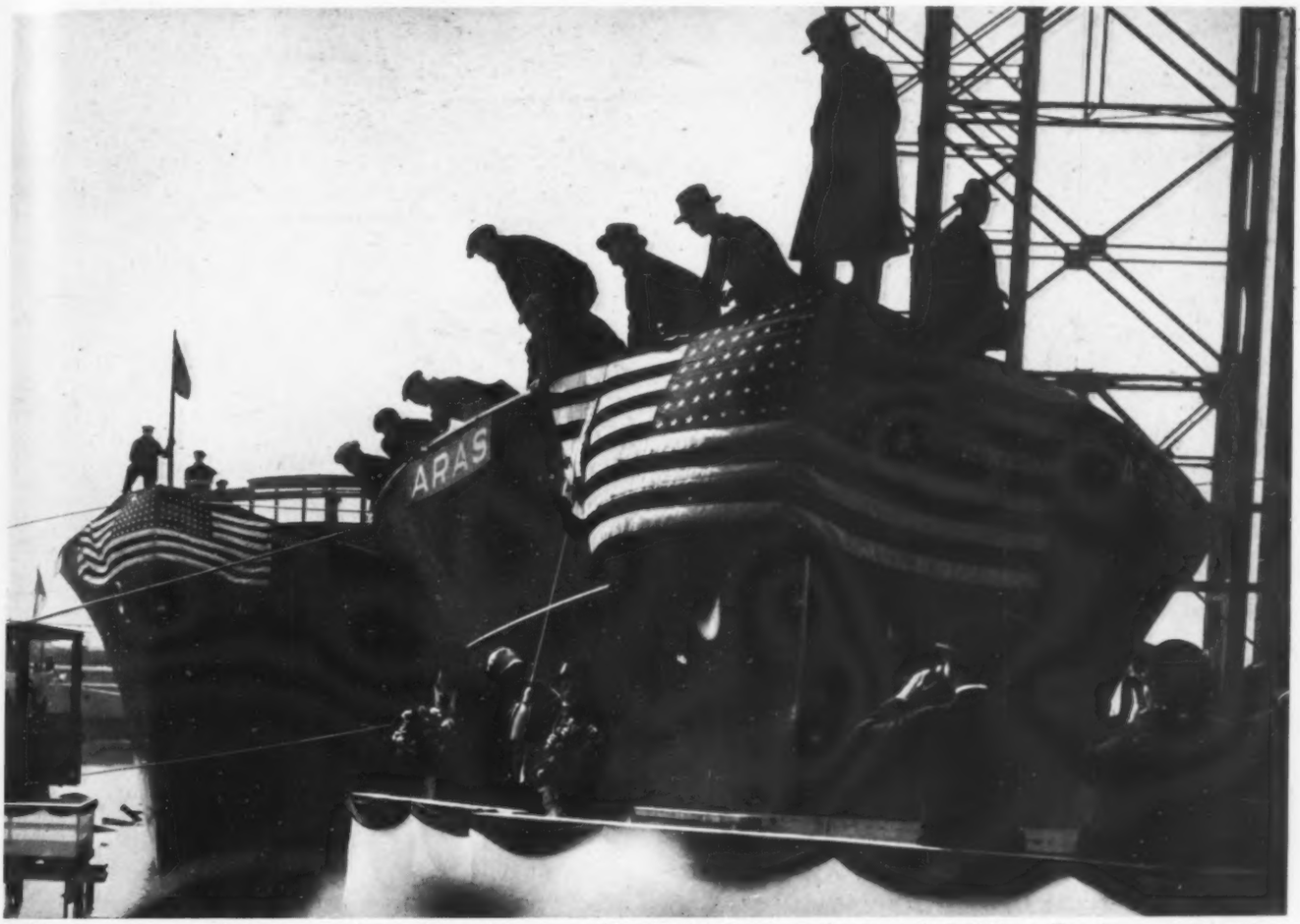
Between 1914 and 1924, however, the design had been formulating, and when the *Whistler* was built she showed the result of intensive thought. Post had borrowed nothing from the Europeans; he had introduced features of his own never before seen in other hydro-gliders.

The launching took place off the Huff-Daland Company's St. Lawrence shops in a river that was half frozen over. To get it over the shore ice and to open water the boat was placed on ski bobs and the services of a horse were requisitioned. Then at the water's edge the horse

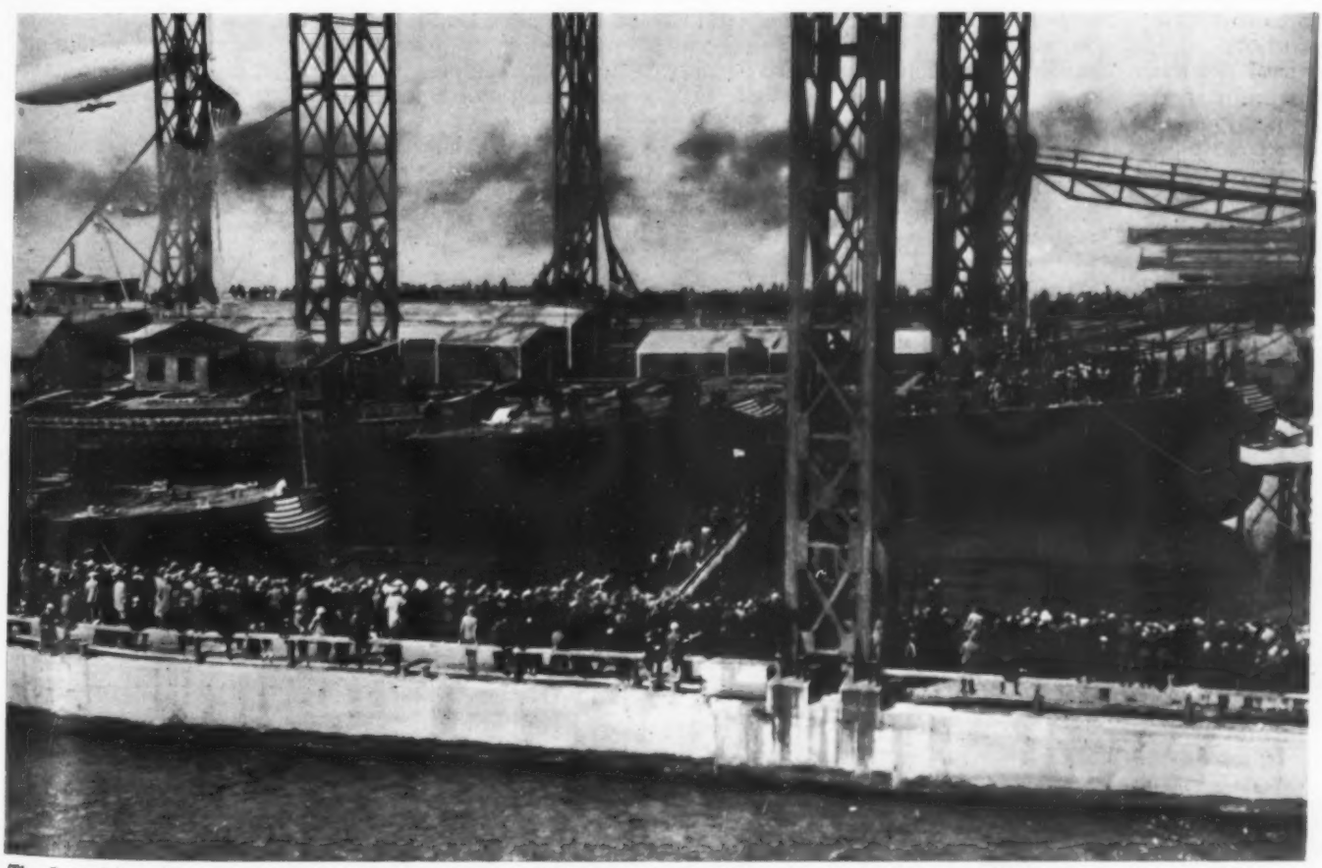
(*Continued on page 100*)



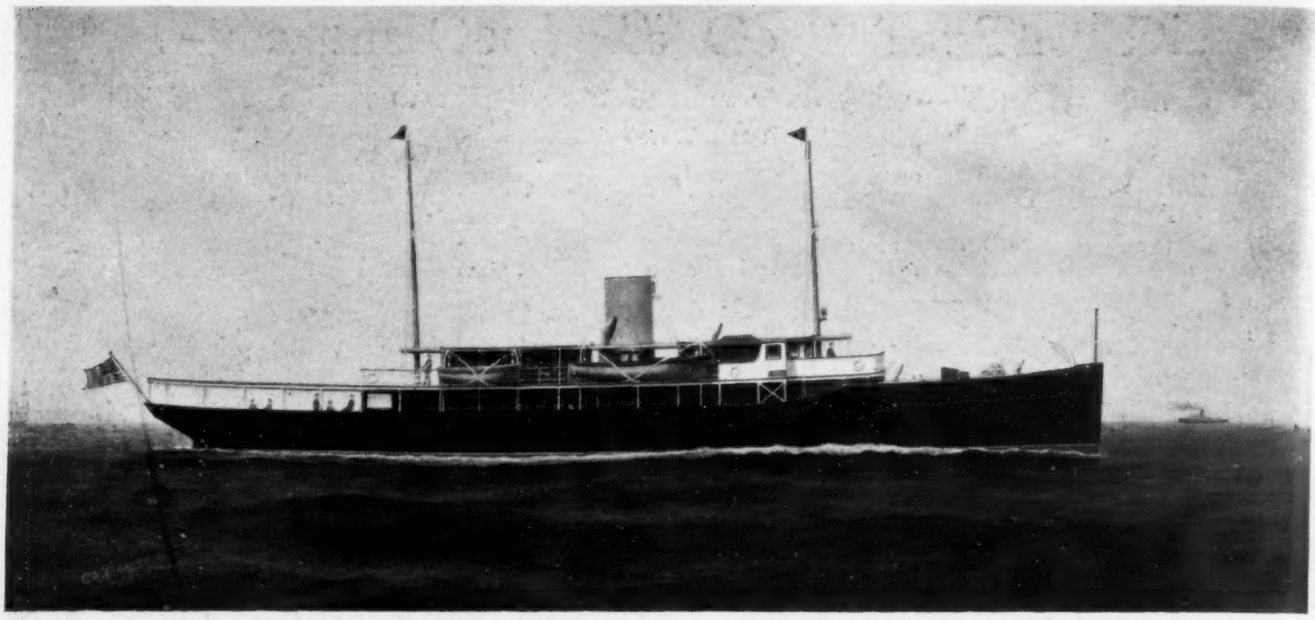
Profile of the new *Whistler*, designed by F. K. Lord, and soon to take the water at Bristol, Pa.



At Newport News, on March 20, a triple launching of three new Diesel yachts was a novelty in yacht building. The *Aras* and *Savarona* float out of the slip.



The *Josephine*, *Savarona* and *Aras*, built in the same slip by the Newport News Shipbuilding & Drydock Co., take the water at the same time in the presence of many spectators. The first two were designed by Cox & Stevens and the *Aras* by the Bath Iron Works.



Another new twin-screw Diesel power yacht which will make her appearance this year. She is being built for D. P. Davis, of Tampa, Fla., from designs by Henry J. Gielow, Inc., and is 171 feet long.

Another Fine Diesel Yacht

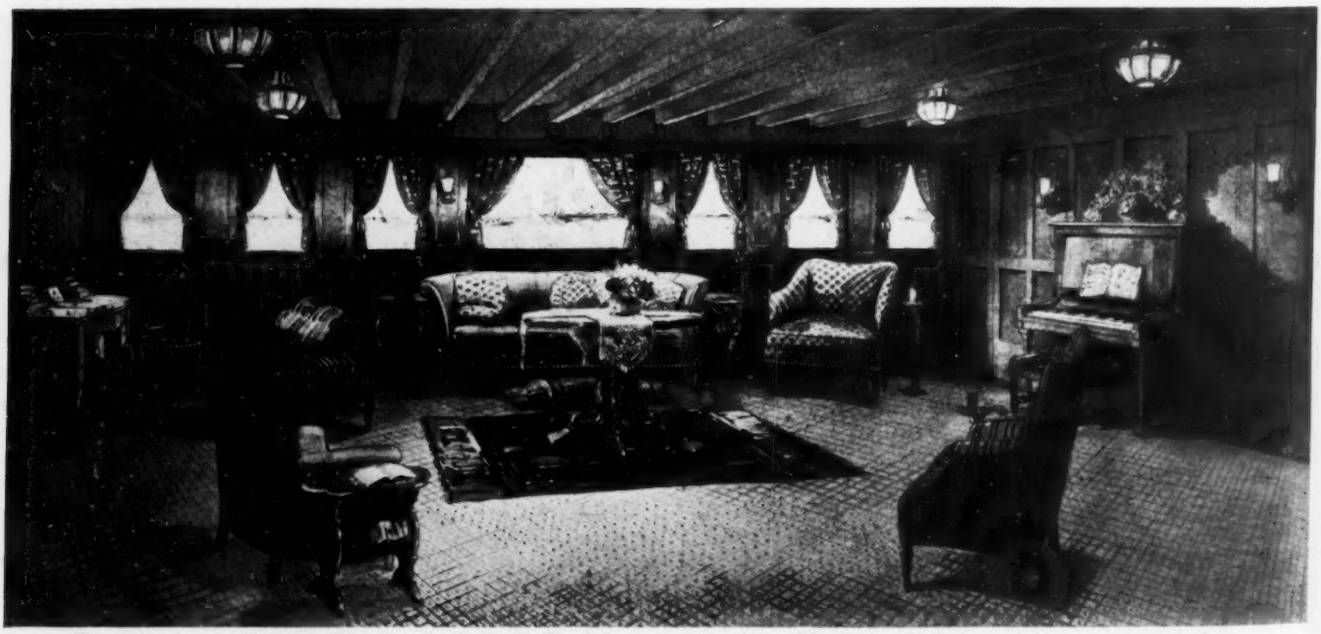
ANOTHER fine Diesel yacht will soon be added to the growing fleet of seagoing craft of this type which has become so popular in recent years. The accompanying plans were drawn by Henry J. Gielow, Inc., for D. P. Davis of Tampa, Florida, and the handsome craft will soon slide down the ways of the Todd Dry Dock, Engineering and Repair Corporation, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Davis yacht is 171′ over all, 163′ water line, 27′ 4″ beam, and 13′ draft. She will be built to Lloyd's highest classification, equipped with the finest and most modern apparatus throughout, and finished and decorated in luxurious fashion. The twin screws will be driven by a pair of Bessemer oil engines, developing 800 h.p. at 250 r.p.m. Fuel and water tanks will have a capacity sufficient for nearly 10,000 miles of cruising.

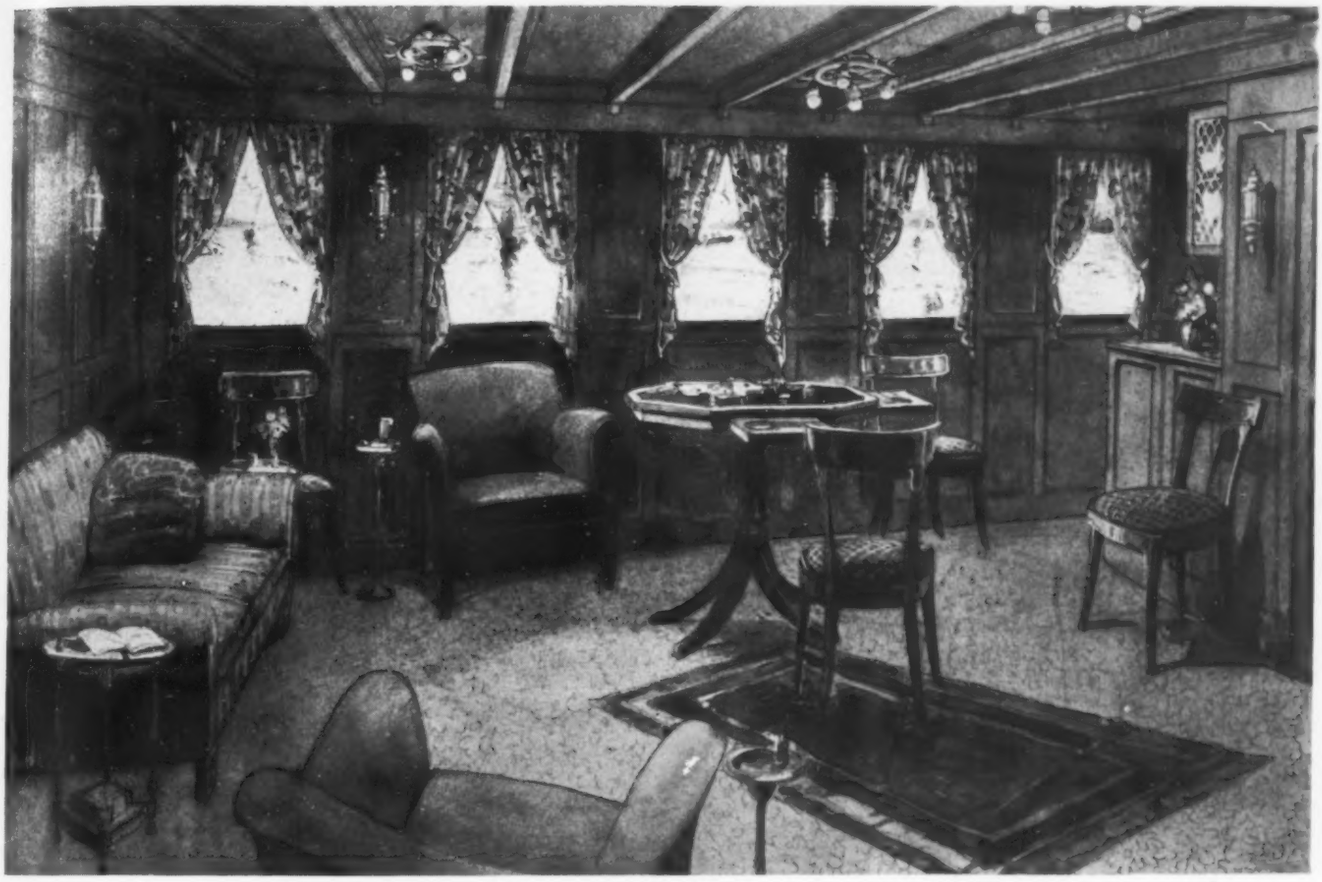
Excellent accommodations are arranged for the crew forward, including ten berths, shower, toilets, etc., in the forecastle on the main deck, and six staterooms on the lower deck for the mates, engineers, cooks, stewards, etc. The galley is located just abaft the officers' quarters, is the full width of the boat, and is equipped with every modern appliance, such as Ray oil-burning range, Arco hot water heater, etc.

The owner's quarters are abaft the engine room, and separated from it by a double steel insulated bulkhead. The owner's room occupies the full width of the boat, is about 11′ long, and will have the usual equipment of bureaus, desk, chiffoniers, etc. The guests' quarters are abaft the owner's room, and consist of three double staterooms and two single staterooms, with connecting bathrooms, etc.

The dining saloon is situated in the continuous steel



The living room of the new Diesel yacht for D. P. Davis is most attractive, with plenty of windows giving an extended view.



The smoking room is all that can be desired in the way of comfort and snugness.

deckhouse on the main deck, and is 24′ long and 18′ wide, so that sixteen people may be comfortably seated at the table. The pantry adjoins the dining saloon, and abaft it is the living room, 25′ by 20′. A large quarter deck aft, over 50′ long, is provided with a windbreak extending out from the sides of the house.

The upper, or promenade deck, is approximately 85′ by 27′. Here are located two teak deckhouses, the forward one containing the pilot house, chart room and captain's stateroom, and the after one being a smoking room. The wireless room is located in the after end of the smoking room.

The small boat equipment consists of a 26′ owner's sedan-type launch powered with a Scripps motor, and a 22′ crew's launch with a Kermath motor, two metallic lifeboats and a 15′ rowing dinghy.

In the dining room, in the forward end of the deckhouse, the simplicity and the taste in furnishings produce a most pleasing effect.

Where the Good "R's" Go When They Die

Crowded Rochester Yacht Club Program Built Around 20-Raters — Three New Eastern Boats Augment Fleet

By CHARLES A. RAWLINGS

"' — a Lakeman and desperado from Buffalo.'
"'Lakeman — ! Pray, what is a Lakeman?' said Don Sebastian, rising in his swinging mat of grass."

Melville — Moby Dick.

THE question, What is a Lakeman? has long been a moot one along the eastern seaboard. It seems at last in a fair way of being answered.

A Lakeman is a fresh-water sailor who buys or wants to buy a salt-water Class "R" yacht. By the same token, looking from the coast toward the latitudes of the buckhorn-handled bowie knives, the Lakes are the place where all good "R" boats go when they die.

From the crack eastern fleets this year they have been "sold down the river" into fresh water. Here at Rochester, *Momiji* and possibly the Norwegian *Spry*, from Marblehead, and the *Secret*, from the Sound, will fly the Rochester Yacht Club burgee this season. *Momiji*, purchased by Commodore Harry Stevenson, will be the first sailing craft to act as flagship the Rochester club has had in many years. *Secret* has been bought by Augustine J. Cunningham.

Dandelion, queen of Boston waters last season, will defend the trophies of the Crescent Yacht Club of Watertown, N. Y. Other "20-raters" have gone to Erie and Michigan.

The new boats at Rochester swell the fleet to seven, an indication that on Lake Ontario, at least, the Eastern boats have not been sent up to pasture, but will receive the strong racing diet to which they have been accustomed. Last season's fleet, consisting of *Rogue*, *Mybar*, *M. E. S.* and *Safara*, remains intact.

***Momiji*, a Marblehead 20-rater which has recently gone to Lake Ontario.**

Championships at Toledo

Besides holding a series of races for the club championship, the Rochester club will send one of its fleet to Chaumont Bay to sail for the George Cup, emblematic of the Lake Ontario Class R championship. The winner of this crown, if she meets with the approval of the Lake Yacht Racing Association, will be sent to contest for the championship of the Great Lakes in a series of races to be sailed September 8th, 9th and 10th off Toledo on Lake Erie, with the Richardson Cup as the prize.

All of the Lake Ontario fleet will enter the race for the Freeman Cup, the Lake's international long-distance classic, won last year by the Rochester 20-rater *Rogue*. The race this year will start off the Port of Rochester and finish near Watertown, at Six Town Point, 75 miles northeast down the lake. The contest is a handicap affair and a fleet of some 150 sail will cross the line.

Following the Freeman Cup event the entire lake fleet will have three days of class racing in Chaumont Bay for the Lake Yacht Racing Association championship. Early in September the Rochester fleet will cruise to Toronto for the Canadian National Exhibition races, staged by the Royal Canadian Yacht Club off that port.

What the eastern boats will do in the lighter fresh water and under different hands should be an intriguing subject. *Dandelion's* great performance last year was about 80 per cent Charles Francis Adams and 20 per cent *Dandelion*, according to many who should know. The new Watertown boat will get as good handling as the lake affords if Commodore Edward Lansing sails her, and many believe that she will remain invincible. *Momiji* gave promise of winning form last year at Marblehead, and Rochester is expecting great things from her this season.

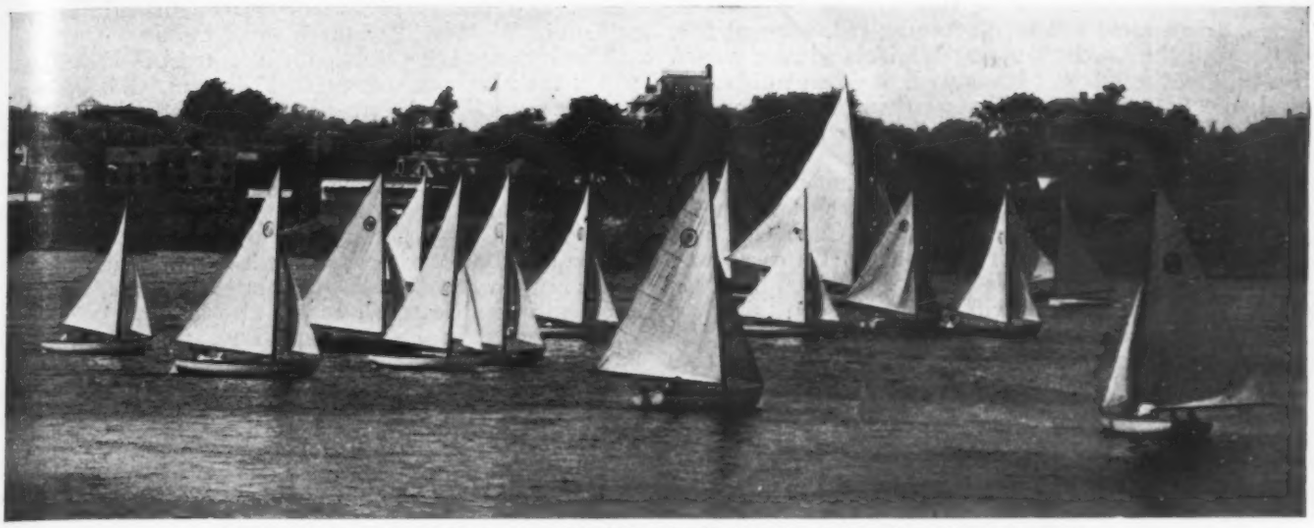
The whole program is pregnant with possibilities and, providing Chicago leaves enough water in Lake Ontario to lay a course in, yachting on this smallest of the Great Lakes should enjoy the greatest year in its history.

Gerbault Is Safe

CONSIDERABLE alarm has been felt recently for Alain Gerbault, who, after crossing the Atlantic single handed in his little cutter *Firecrest*, in 1923, continued his wanderings in 1925 by setting sail for the South Seas, via Bermuda, Panama and the Galapagos Islands. As related in YACHTING, he arrived safely in Bermuda after a stormy passage, and continued to Panama and the Galapagos Islands without special incident. Leaving the Galapagos for Papeete, he was long overdue, and his many friends were considerably worried about his safety. However, word was received recently by cable to the effect that the doughty *Firecrest* had finally arrived at Papeete after encountering storms and head winds, which lengthened her passage to something over two months.

Gerbault's destination is unknown. He may continue his voyage in *Firecrest*, or sell his boat and return to France to build a new craft in which to undertake other voyages.

Gerbault is traveling much the same course as that pursued by Harry Pidgeon, in the 34-foot yawl *Islander*, who recently completed a 35,000-mile round-the-world cruise in four years. The two adventurers met at Balboa, Panama, where Pidgeon gave Gerbault the benefit of his experiences in the South Seas. Gerbault was greatly concerned over the lightness of *Islander's* rig, while Pidgeon wondered at the ability of Gerbault's "narrow racing machine" to combat the furies of Old Man Ocean.



A fleet of 18-foot Class "O" boats at Marblehead sailed by the Juniors throughout the season.

Many Races Scheduled in New England Waters

New and Old Clubs Will Stage Numerous Regattas for Various Types of Sailing Craft

By William Upham Swan

A MAY 1st survey of the yacht racing situation on the New England coast this summer shows that more than 50 fleets composed of nearly 900 boats and manned by more than 2,000 men, women and children will play the nautical game between Greenwich and Bar Harbor. With very few exceptions these fleets will be made up of one-design classes composed of boats averaging 15 feet on the water line and in many cases the regattas will include juveniles sailing alone in skiffs, punts, or other square-sided and round bottom 12-footers.

By states, the racing fleets number 8 in Connecticut, 8 in Rhode Island, 30 in Massachusetts and 10 in Maine, or 56 in all. Four of the Connecticut squadrons are usually classed with the upper Long Island section, while 7 of the 8 in Rhode Island are in Narragansett Bay. The score and a half in Massachusetts are divided into three sections, 12 on or about Cape Cod, 9 of Massachusetts Bay south of Boston and known as the South Shore, and 8 on the North Shore nearly to the Merrimac. Of the 10 in Maine, 3 are in the Portland district, 3 in the Penobscot and 4 about Mt. Desert.

All these fleets will indulge wholly in harbor or bay racing, usually Saturday or holiday afternoons, although tidal conditions in Cape Cod Bay and on Nantucket Sound, except at Edgartown, control the hours of competition.

Six yacht squadrons will cruise along the New England coast this summer, beginning with the annual joint run of the Larchmont and Indian Harbor Yacht Clubs to New London late in July, and followed by that of the Eastern Yacht Club to Maine early in July, the Boston Yacht Club, also to Maine in mid-July, the New York Yacht Club in mid-August, the Northeast Harbor Fleet to Blue Hill Bay late in August, and the Wianno fleet in Nantucket Sound in August.

Up to May 1st, seven long distance races had been scheduled to start from New England ports, the Bermuda race from New London on June 20, the Vanderbilt Cup race from Newport to Marblehead on June 30th, the Eastern Yacht Club run from Marblehead to Bar Harbor on July 6th, the Boston Yacht Club jaunt from Marblehead to Boothbay on July 17th, the Boston Chapter of the Cruising Club of America's annual sail and gasolene race from Gloucester to Portland and return on July 17th, the Corinthian Yacht Club's race round Massachusetts Bay on August 14th and the Brooklyn Challenge Cup race from Marblehead to Seagate by way of Vineyard Sound, probably in mid-August.

Offerings for major yachts, the big racing schooners, the New York Fifties and Forties, and the purely cruising type, such as the Malabars and Seawanhaka Schooners, and sloops, yawls and ketches with auxiliaries, are far more numerous than ever before, and will be conducted on the New England coast by the New York and Eastern Yacht Clubs, not counting the joint cruise to New London already mentioned. These two clubs have scheduled eighteen races for the larger yachts as follows:

June 28	Newport	New York Y. C.
June 29	Newport	New York Y. C.
June 30	Newport	Eastern Y. C.
July 3	Marblehead	Eastern Y. C.
July 5	Marblehead	Eastern Y. C.
July 6	Marblehead	Eastern Y. C.
July 8	Bar Harbor	Eastern Y. C.
July 9	Blue Hill	Eastern Y. C.
July 10	North Haven	Eastern Y. C.
July 12	Islesboro	Eastern Y. C.
July 13	Boothbay	Eastern Y. C.
August 18	New London	New York Y. C.
August 19	Newport	New York Y. C.
August 20	Newport	New York Y. C.
August 21	Newport	New York Y. C.
August 23	Vineyard Haven	New York Y. C.
August 24	Mattapoisett	New York Y. C.
August 25	Mattapoisett	New York Y. C.

In addition the Eastern Yacht Club announces races for major yachts off Marblehead on July 17th, July 23rd, July 31st and August 7th, and with the Corinthian Yacht Club will start a class for New York Forties in all its championship races.

The Beverly Yacht Club at Marion, in Buzzard's Bay, has entered the major yacht racing game this season for the first time in many years, with a race week for New York Forties and purely cruising type craft, the latter

sailing under a special rating rule devised by John G. Alden. These races will be on August 3rd, 4th and 5th, or between the Larchmont and Marblehead race weeks. If a sufficient number of boats wish to go on to Marblehead, the Beverly Club will start them from Sagamore for a race across Massachusetts Bay, and the Eastern and Corinthian Yacht Clubs will give them races during Marblehead Race Week. It is expected that many of the cruisers will go on in order to start a week later in the Brooklyn Challenge Cup race around Cape Cod and through Vineyard Sound. The Brooklyn Cup was won last year by Dudley Smith's *Bonito IV*, which has been given a Marconi rig, and will defend the cup this year. It is expected that one of the challengers will be Stuyvesant Wainwright's *Butterfly* and that the fleet will be a large one.

The Boston Yacht Club cruise will start on July 17th with an ocean race from Marblehead to Boothbay, open to boats of any recognized yacht club. It will be followed by runs to Five Islands, Camden and Bar Harbor.

The second annual race of the Boston Chapter of the Cruising Club of America from Gloucester around the Portland lightship and return will start also on July 17th, but quite early in the morning. A graduated scale of gasolene allowance has been worked out by George A. Doane and Alexander W. Moffatt, so that the larger boats will have a greater quantity than the smaller yachts. The fleet will be sent off according to size also, with the small boats leaving first as in the so-called "chowder race" system. The first boat back wins. Ten entries had been received up to April 15th.

Marblehead will continue to maintain its leadership in small boat racing in New England, if not in the country. Two new classes have been added, and an old class, the gaff 18-footers, has been dropped. The Corinthian Yacht Club has scheduled twelve championship events, the Eastern Yacht Club will run off nine, and the Boston Yacht Club one, twenty-two in all. The season will open on May 29th with an informal race by the Corinthian Yacht Club, followed by two informal affairs by the Eastern the next week. The championship series starts on June 13th and closes on September 18th, with the annual Chowder Race on Sunday, September 19th.

There will be three New York Forties at Marblehead most of the season, four of the old Bar Harbor 31-footers, eight Q's, ten R's, eight Manchester 18's, a dozen Manchester 17's, six of the old Class I with Marconi rigs, a new class of 20-footers, Class S, Class T, Class O (the Alden-designed 15-footers), a handicap class and four divisions of the Brutal Beasts, the kindergarten class. An average of 100 boats is expected in the regular regattas and well up to 250 in the Race Week events.

The struggle between Duxbury and Beverly for second place in racing activity on the New England coast will be a close one this summer. The former will start more boats, but those in the Buzzard's Bay races will be larger. The Duxbury season will begin on June 20th and continue well into September. The fleet of Duxbury Ducks will number 30 this year, and there will be a score of the Bugs, and a dozen 15-footers, with a class of cats, or more than sixty boats in the running. Breakfast races will be among the features.

The Beverly season opens on June 17th and closes September 11th with fifteen club races, the Van Rensselaer Cup race and the three races in August. The Beverly fleet will include four R Class yachts, the Beverly Yacht Club one-design, the Herreshoff 15's, the Cape Cod Baby Knockabouts and the Herreshoff 12's.

The other Massachusetts clubs which will start large fleets are Edgartown, Cohasset, Manchester, and Annisquam. Small boat races will also be inaugurated this year at Cotuit, Wellfleet, Plymouth and Newbury.

The leading Maine club is the Northeast Harbor Fleet, which includes two classes of 17-footers, O boats and smaller types. The Fleet will be represented in the Bermuda Race by Commodore Edward W. Madeira's flagship *Sagamore*, and the yachts will enjoy a three days' cruise late in August in Blue Hill Bay and a team match with the Tarratine Club. The big event is the annual race for the George Davenport Hayward Memorial Cup.

The new Bar Harbor Y. C. will hold a championship series in their new Winslow-designed 15-footers, of which there will be at least 17. It will also hold an open long distance race in Frenchman's Bay, probably around Mt. Desert Rock and return.

Small boat racing will also be started at Stonington under the inspiration of Edward Darrell, one of the older members of the New York Yacht Club, and originally a Bermudian. Ralph Winslow has designed and Richardson is building six 16-foot knockabouts for the Stonington yachtsmen.

The Edgartown yachtsmen will have a fleet of ten 16-foot knockabouts designed by Burgess, Swasey & Paine, and building at the Nantucket Boat Works. Several new boats will be in commission at Watch Hill.

The liveliest yachting in Narragansett Bay will be at the newly formed Warwick Country Club, ten miles below Providence. The club will have a new fleet of Herreshoff 15-footers, and will hold a race week in August, with some of the New York Forties as attractions.

Six interesting championship yacht tournaments in Massachusetts, four for boys and girls under 18 years, one for women, and one for "mixed doubles," as in a tennis tournament, have been arranged. Three of the junior events will be sectional contests to select crews for the national affair for the Sears Cup, which opens at Marblehead on August 23rd. The national this year will again include crews from Narragansett Bay and Long Island Sound and perhaps one from Connecticut. Maine and Canada are also desirous of sending trios of youngsters.

The third Massachusetts Women's Sailing Championship will be held by the Cohasset Yacht Club during the week of September 6th, while the Nahant Dory Club will give the Mixed Doubles event on September 11th and 12th. This latter contest is unique in the annals of American yachting. All these championships will be sailed on the change-a-boat system.

Yacht racing in northern waters actually began in Boston on April 11th, when the little Back Bay fleet went into action, after being out of commission a trifle over four months. Eight boats will race every Saturday and Sunday until June 20th in the spring series. They will then have a summer contest, and start the fall series on September 11th, closing the year on November 28th. Some of the owners are planning to be in England this summer and hope to have a match with English boats in the Thames Estuary, with a chance of having the British yachtsmen come over next year for a return match in the Back Bay boats.

Although the only speed boat racing in New England is at Onset, plans were discussed early in April for a motor boat meet in the Charles River Basin in Boston early in the summer, under the auspices of the A. P. B. A.

New England highways are likely to be well cluttered up with motor cars this summer, but there is plenty of room off shore, and realization of such a situation probably accounts in great degree for the tremendous demand for all kind of craft. Golf links and tennis courts will also be jammed, hence the demand of the youngsters for some less crowded form of competition. Anyway, it looks like a big summer both afloat and ashore.

Yachting as a National Asset

Seamanship Acquired in Small Yachts the Best Augury for a Nation's Future upon the Sea

By F. W. Siddall

OCCASIONALLY, when sailing, one comes across a man for whom a craft will do anything. Ordinarily she may be hard mouthed, slack in stays, or possess any one of a score of vices which make her owner rave. But in the hands of the chosen she will be as tractable as anyone could wish. When searching for the reason one can hardly find the solution in a mere sentence defining superior skill, for the happy possessor of this knack is totally unable to impart his faculty to others.

So, for lack of a better phrase, it is described as "sea sense," though it is really an affinity between the vessel herself and her master; an ability to indicate, by means he will understand, her slightest needs. Even though a vessel may be going well, such a man can always get a little more out of her; a small pull here, an inch of slack there and the result is apparent to everyone in a new feeling of life where before there had been merely mechanical efficiency.

Nor is it only when racing that sea sense is valuable: in sterner circumstances the ability to nurse a vessel in a seaway may constitute the difference between safety and disaster, will certainly make a dry ship of a wet one and add to the comfort of all hands.

In commerce also, its advantages are apparent, though perhaps not so well recognized in these days of steamers as when the clipper was the Queen of the Seas. Certain captains then attained fame for themselves and their ships by outsailing rivals and reaching port days ahead of others who had, apparently, equal, if not superior, opportunities. Often the credit was given to the ship, which gained the reputation of a fast sailer, only to prove a veritable sluggard under another commander.

Cat boat *Iris*, 44 years old, in which W. F. Kohler recently started on a voyage from Los Angeles to the Atlantic Coast.

Mere sail carrying never made a passage, but only resulted in loss of spars and canvas. Any fool can carry on; true seamanship consists in knowing when the ship calls for relief, when she is ready for more, and whether the canvas she is carrying is driving or only burying her.

Weather lore, also, is embodied in the sea sense. It is easy enough to watch an approaching squall, mark the arch which indicates wind, and lower away before the gust strikes. That is merely routine work, the mark of the skilled tradesman. But all those who have made long sea passages will recall instances in which an officer has moved about restlessly, clearly ill at ease, with frequent glances to windward and aloft as though gauging how much the ship could stand. All this with a clear sky, apparently free from any menace. So that when the order to lower away was given it seemed much like foolish sail drill. Seemed, that is, until the ship lay over to a fierce white squall, spars and stays creaking and straining under the sudden pressure. Ask that officer why he shortened down and he will reply frankly and truthfully that he did not know — "just felt he had to." Superior skill, of course, but the skill of genius as opposed to that of the tradesman.

Steam has its examples also; less spectacular, but none the less real. After every heavy gale the shipping papers are full of instances for those who have knowledge to interpret the bald official announcements. Vessel after vessel on arriving will report extensive deck damage and the experiences of their crews form good "copy" for the sensational newspapers; but others will come into port, almost up to scheduled time, with no more public notice than is contained under the heading "*New York*, arrived." All these ships have passed through the same weather, but some have *ridden out* the gale, others have been *nursed*. There's a difference!

So sea sense has a commercial value, possibly greater today than ever before, because, now that ships are intended to keep a schedule, delays are much more expensive than formerly. It is just in this connection that yachting as a national asset comes in, for it is in small craft that this additional sense can be most completely developed. There is a sense of companionship, of responsibility, that comes with the handling of a small craft that a larger vessel cannot give. Everything done for her assistance shows immediate result, and a small boat sailor can learn more in a week than he could in a month in a larger type.

Sail training for a seaman is admittedly the best training, as establishing sympathy between man and the forces of nature, forces which he does not attempt to fight but to harness for his purposes. As commercial craft, sailing ships may disappear; as yachts they remain, and there is no difference in essentials between the ancient caravel and the modern cutter. A true sailor could handle either, for the forces against which he had to contend would remain the same and the methods have not changed with the changing years.

Every nation that has attained notable maritime success has done so by the development of sea sense until it became an instinct, and the great increase of the smaller yachting classes all round the coast is the best augury of America's future on the seas.

The *Iris* Returns

EARLY in the winter the 44-year-old cat boat *Iris*, 26 feet in length, started from Los Angeles Harbor to make a voyage through the Panama Canal and up the

Tern IV, Claud Worth's latest cruiser. The foremost advocate of the cutter rig explains why his new yacht is a yawl.

East Coast to the United States, in charge of W. Fred Kohler, his daughter and John Wallace.

The trio sailed from Los Angeles Harbor on January 3rd, before a fresh nor'wester and three days later a fishing schooner reported them off Cape Colnett on the Mexican Coast still going strong. The ship was later spoken off San Benito Island, 365 miles south. After that very heavy weather was encountered and after getting down to the lower coast of Mexico the voyage was abandoned temporarily and the *Iris* returned to Los Angeles.

The *Iris* is probably the best known of all the old Cape Cod cats. Built by Hanley at Buzzards Bay in 1888 as the *Mucilage*, she won scores of trophies, including the Captain Kidd Plate, when she was sailed by E. D. Morgan, of the New York Yacht Club. Morgan sold the boat, which he had renamed the *Iris*, to Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry. She was raced several seasons by Commodore Gerry's sons and then stowed away in a boathouse, where she remained for sixteen years. She was later owned by Commodore Frank F. Crane, of the Quincy Y. C.

Why *Tern IV* is Yawl Rigged

Editor, YACHTING:

I have just read with great interest the articles upon *Alice* and *Carib II* by Mr. Henry Howard, which appeared recently in YACHTING.

Mr. Howard expresses surprise at my selling the cutter *Tern III* and rigging *Tern IV* as a yawl. I admit that the presence of that mizzen demands explanation. I was perfectly satisfied with *Tern III*, but Mrs. Worth required more accommodation, so a larger vessel, *Tern IV*, of 49 feet l.w.l. and 63 feet over all, had to be built. The snug cutter rig originally designed had the end of the main boom well forward of the end of the counter. This was not approved, so I added a little thimble-headed mizzen. The mizzen does no harm and may some day be of use. If I had extended the boom beyond the end of the counter it would have been well over 40 feet long and 600 pounds in weight, and the sail area would have been too large for two hands and myself, in long open-water passages in these latitudes.

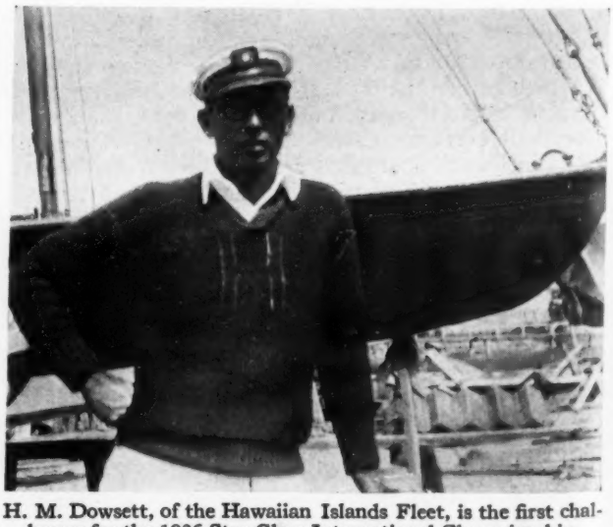
London, England. CLAUD WORTH.

Hula Star Wins Hawaiian Championship

GREAT interest is being taken in yacht racing this year throughout the Hawaiian Islands, and the championship series conducted by the Pearl Harbor Yacht Club, of Honolulu, this February was the most keenly contested event for craft of the Star Class that has been reported for some time.

H. M. Dowsett sailed his *Hula Star* to a one-point victory over the *Leilani*, sailed by M. B. McComb, U. S. N. The *Hula* was built near New York and shipped to Hawaii this past winter, arriving the morning of the first race. She was rigged, launched and won her first race that same afternoon. Dowsett also won the second race of the series by a good margin, and these two early victories stood him in good stead as after that *Leilani*, a local product built in the shadow of the Navy Yard, became unbeatable. E. Borgadus, sailing the *Ehukai*, was also a contender throughout. Until the very last race, when he was unfortunately disqualified, he was actually in second place a point ahead of McComb and only one point behind Dowsett. It is rather interesting to note that these three Stars that sailed so even a series were built by three separate and distinct builders. *Hula Star* was built by Parkman, of Brooklyn, *Leilani* was built locally this year by her owner and, by the way, is a rather remarkable-looking boat, being alternately planked with mahogany and cedar, while *Ehukai* was one of the original lot shipped to Hawaii by the New England Boat Works two years ago.

Two other series will be held during the year in Hawaii. The races are almost always sailed in half a gale and the courses are on the open ocean. It is probably the roughest going through which small boats are ever called upon to race. Last year a cup was presented by Donald H. Cowl, a well-known yachtsman of the Sound, who, by the way, originally put the Hawaiians in touch with the Star Class, which has been so successful in developing yacht racing interest in so many remote and isolated localities.



H. M. Dowsett, of the Hawaiian Islands Fleet, is the first challenger for the 1926 Star Class International Championship.

Another Theory of *Spray's* Disappearance

Editor YACHTING:

Victor Slocum's interesting account of the last voyage of *Spray*, in your March issue, reminds me of a hypothesis of her disappearance which I have not seen mentioned heretofore, but which is in many respects more plausible than any other. I am indebted for it to my friend Dr. A. M. dal Piaz, of Stockton, Calif. It is his conviction that Captain Slocum died suddenly, of apoplexy, before anything happened to *Spray*.

As is generally known, the arteries become thin and brittle in old age, and blood pressure tends to increase. This condition might be aggravated by years of sea diet with a great deficiency of fresh fruits and vegetables. There are certain physical types, well known to the medical profession, particularly susceptible to this condition, in fact almost certain to die in this manner. Dr. dal Piaz states that all of Captain Slocum's photographs he has seen readily identify him as belonging to this type, and he believes any physician accustomed to diagnosing heart conditions would form the same judgment.

New auxiliary shoal draft ketch *Ventura*, owned by George F. Baker, Jr., which recently completed a 4500-mile cruise.

It seems entirely possible that Captain Slocum, who was quite an old man at the time of his last voyage, may have ruptured an artery as a result of some severe pull at sheet or halyard. Or perhaps some fragile old blood vessel in the brain gave way, as may happen even in peaceful sleep.

If such an end came to the Captain, it might have come under a variety of conditions of wind and weather. We may imagine it happened on a pleasant day with all hatches open to the sun and *Spray* bowling along with everything set and close hauled. Of course I am well aware that she did not sail close hauled often, but in the fickle winds of the Gulf Stream one *must* trim the sheets at times if one is to get anywhere. And we may imagine that one of the sudden furious squalls of the same Gulf Stream made up a few hours later and took her abeam. She may have hove down, filled through her deck openings and sunk without trace, intact, leaving no telltale wreckage. "Can happen!" as the Chinese say.

The precise conditions, however, matter little. Left without a crew, with all or any sail set, with all or any hatches open, her end could not be long delayed.

For many years I held the belief that Victor Slocum does, namely, that *Spray* was run down; but I have come to doubt it, as years go by and no report of such a collison comes to light. . . . It is of course possible that she was run down by some small vessel that herself sank with all hands as a result of the collision, for *Spray* was of tremendously heavy and massive construction and hardly less dangerous to hit than a coral reef. I agree with Victor Slocum that the theory of wreck on some Bahama island is untenable or at least too improbable to consider.

JOHN G. HANNA.

Captain Slocum and Harry Pidgeon

Editor YACHTING:

When I first heard of Harry Pidgeon completing his single-handed, round the world voyage in the *Islander*, I thought of the remark made by my father when he landed at Fairhaven in the *Spray* in 1898 that a "young fellow" could do it the next time. As I understand that Mr. Pidgeon is as mature in years as was the Captain at that time, there seems to remain yet the chance for the "young fellow" to pull off this greatest of sea exploits.

All honor to Harry Pidgeon, the captain of the *Islander*.

VICTOR SLOCUM.

Ventura Makes a Long Cruise

YACHTSMEN have been much interested in the new shoal draft ketch built this winter at Nevins' yard from plans of H. J. Gielow, Inc., for George F. Baker, Jr., of the New York Yacht Club. *Ventura* is 74 feet long over-all, 57½ on the water line, and draws 5'10" of water. On her first cruise she left New York January 20th and made a fast run to Norfolk, Va., of 36 hours. From Norfolk she went through the North Carolina Sounds to Morehead City. Getting away from there with northerly winds, shifting to northeast, she made a very fast run to the St. John's River and arrived at Jacksonville on January 25th, only five days from New York. She then proceeded down the coast to Miami and later went over to the Bahamas and down to Cuba, cruising along the north coast. Here Mr. Baker and his guests did some kingfishing, later going to Dry Tortugas and Long Key.

On the trip north, *Ventura* left Miami on March 11th and ran into a fresh northeast breeze, arriving at Sandy Hook on March 26th.

The yacht made 4,500 miles on this initial cruise, and all hands speak of her as a wonderful sea boat which, with proper handling, can go through a very bad breeze of wind. A picture of the new yacht is shown on this page.

Nautical Nuggets

Part III—Some Pointers on "Tuning Up" a Small Racing Craft

By WILLIAM W. SWAN

IN the last article which appeared in the March number of YACHTING, we talked of rigging, and what one should do prior to a racing season in order to start the campaign with a feeling of security as far as standing and running rigging were concerned. In this article I shall try to give the small boat racing man a few hints on *Tuning Up*.

These are ideas picked up since 1896, when I first came into possession of a sail boat. They are purely personal methods, and no doubt can be improved or enlarged upon by those studious yachtsmen who have more time and are financially better off, and therefore in a better position to bring a boat quickly to top form with the assistance of paid professionals.

Last summer, in one of the articles of this series the importance of *Observation* was stressed. Correct *Tuning Up* hinges on observation, study and patience. One cannot jump to conclusions too quickly, nor can one hurry things along without the attendant danger of overdoing it.

Nowhere is that last statement so true as in the breaking in of new sails. Sails are expensive, and much more fragile than is commonly believed by the beginner in yacht racing. The initial bending on of a new suit of sails can make them or ruin them. Your sails have been carefully made by skilled workmen, to the measure and in the weight recommended. The lighter the canvas, the more easily can they be ruined by an inexperienced or careless man.

It is almost the same as having an absolutely new automobile driven by a man who knows little or nothing of the mechanical features of internal combustion motors. That car can be ruined in five minutes by going too fast before everything has begun working smoothly.

The motor is the propelling power of the car; should it get insufficient oil in that first speed trial, bearings or cylinder walls may suffer.

The sails are the propelling power of the boat; should they become misshapen, through hasty or ill-advised handling on the first day, the boat's propelling machinery has suffered a practically irreparable injury, and the resultant loss in efficiency will be felt as long as those sails are used.

Therefore you can easily see that every yachtsman should employ extreme caution in breaking in his suit of racing sails. Don't be so impatient to get under way in the early spring that you handicap your boat. Frequently I have seen friends of mine do such silly things, without thinking of the results, that I cannot help risking your criticism of this article as "too elemental" by repeating some of them.

One crew, all pepped up because their boat was ready for delivery, made a date to go to City Island to get her. The fact that it was pouring rain when they got there didn't cool their enthusiastic spirits. They "histed" sail and brought her to her home harbor. This was around May 15th.

Poor Mr. Sailmaker was run ragged by this bunch all through June because the sails did not fit well. They were right — the sails were awful — but it was their own fault for bending them on and stretching them out of shape on a rainy day.

Another case was that of a yachtsman who, on hearing that his boat was ready, sent a man to bring her to her home harbor. This man was paid to get her there, and he "fetched" her, all right, but he did not use his head in the fetching. He reefed the mainsail, and left the reef tied in during the entire trip of four days. Result: Mainsail not good for anything but fishing trips in bad weather.

Your first day under sail should be a fair one. The trial should be only an hour or so between 10 A.M. and 4 P.M. Bend your sails on carefully and *don't stretch them on the head or foot*. Just pull them comfortably taut, so that you can easily move the binding rope between eyes with your thumb and forefinger. The throat, too, should be just "hand tight" — not "swayed" on. Same with jib. This sail should be only taut along the jibboom and hand tight on the jib halyards.

Cast off and sail her around close hauled, then slack sheets for a reach and a run. Give the sails a chance to assume all normal positions without pressure being applied.

Here is your opportunity to note if jib sheet leads are in the right position so that the "flow" of this sail seems correct, and to note any incorrect positions of cleats or blocks in deck layout.

Your sails have now had a try-on, and some of the wrinkles and all of the thread-ends and odd pieces of canvas have been shaken out. Don't overdo it. Come in before it gets damp.

The next fair day that you have an opportunity to tune her up, stretch the mainsail along the boom just a little tighter than the first day. Do the same with the gaff if your sail has one. Hoist it a little more taut than previously. Treat the jib the same way. Again observe the "flow" of both sails.

The mainsail, if gaff headed, should have an appreciable bag all along the luff just abaft the mast. There should still be a few wrinkles along the gaff to peak, and along the boom to its end. The roach or outward curve of leach from peak to boom should fall away a trifle. If the mainsail is jib-headed there should still be the bag along the mast, but comparatively few wrinkles in the head. The wrinkles along the boom should be the same as in the other type, though the sail usually is cut flatter.

You should avoid trimming her down too flat, but should at this time ascertain the balance of your craft. If your mast is stepped correctly, and your jib and backstay are set up just taut, your craft is correctly balanced if she shows a slight weather helm. In other words, if, in a moderate breeze of, say, eight miles strength, your boat works up into the wind when you allow her to take her own course, then, in all probability, she is correctly balanced, and you have no worries except to gradually work her sails to the correct fit for maximum speed.

It might be wise to explain somewhat technically the reasons for weather helm and lee helm, and why they should be avoided.

In the first place, it is easily understandable to the uninitiated that should a boat *have* to sail with considerable pressure exerted by the rudder to keep her on her course, there must be friction somewhere. You can illustrate this in a bath-tub — push a long, thin, straight piece of wood with your forefinger — then break the strip without separating the pieces. Push this crooked piece, and notice the added resistance.

The line of your keel and angle thereto of rudder is the same sort of condition.

The center of lateral resistance is, roughly, the center

of the immersed portion of the boat's hull. To illustrate: That point to which a rope might be fastened which, if pulled, would move the boat bodily broadside. If the rope were made fast slightly forward or aft of this point, the resistance would be uneven, and the rope would pull either bow or stern around, as the case might be.

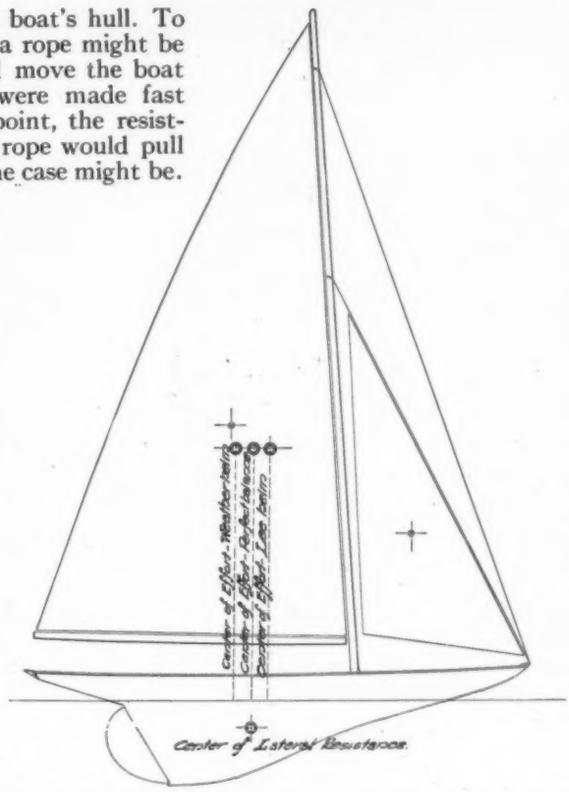
The center of effort of the sails is, roughly speaking, the center of the total sail area.

Now, these two forces act in different directions. Consequently, if these two centers are in a vertical line, the boat is perfectly balanced. This perfect balance is what most racing men strive for. Personally, I would rather sail a boat in which the center of lateral resistance is a little forward of the center of effort of sails, resulting in a slight weather helm.

So, we find that a boat carries a *weather helm* when the center of lateral resistance is forward of the center of effort of the sails.

Also, a boat carries a *lee helm* when the center of lateral resistance is farther aft than the center of effort of the sails.

So we find that to reduce a weather helm we can (1) move the center of lateral resistance aft, by moving weight aft, thus increasing the submerged area of hull aft, or (2) moving the center of effort of sails forward, by "canting" or "raking" the mast forward, or cutting off some of the after leach of the mainsail.



The effect on the helm of different positions of center of effort.

A lee helm may often be remedied by reversing the above operation. If not, consult the boat's designer, or an expert, before experimenting further. A lee helm is often hard to rectify, but it *can* be rectified, and should be.

In this respect, though, I might say that one of the best 6-meter boats I have ever sailed on has a distinct lee helm that cannot be rectified and retain her speed. This condition, however, has been brought about by a change in sail plan which makes her faster but does not "gybe" with her design under water.

Now let us assume that you have become more or less used to the "feel" of your craft under sail. You know some of her peculiarities, such as her "shoot", or carry into the wind in coming about or making a mooring. You may even have learned that you kill her speed when you trim her too flat or hold her too close to the wind. What you want to know now is the exact point of trim where she will sail fastest to windward with the least amount of leeway.

My method of doing this does not take a "trial horse" into consideration. If you have a friend in your own class willing to work with you, all well and good. You can sail several short races and experiment. Failing this, you must rely on your observation.

Trim your boat where you *think* she should be trimmed, give her a *rap full* and note her speed through the water. Then luff her slightly and note if the speed diminishes rapidly. Mark your main sheet just abaft the cleat, and then mark jib sheets just forward of cleats on starboard and port sides. I use chalk. Try this on both tacks, centering your attention on her speed through the water (I watch bubbles to leeward), her angle to the point from which the wind is blowing, and the ratio of her speed when slightly shaking at luff to her speed when *rap full.*

If there is no slackening, or there is only a slight slackening in speed when you let her up a point, then she can stand closer trimming without loss of speed. Take in only an inch or two of main, and mark it; then a little jib.

Go through the same maneuvers again. If you are patient and your observations have been correct, you can, within an afternoon, find the best place to trim your craft when sailing to windward.

When you are sure you have found this place, then sew a little (one or two turns is enough) white cotton on both your main sheet and jib sheets, and instruct your crew to bear them in mind when "on the wind." Later on, when you are actually racing against other boats in your own class, a slight revision may become necessary, but it is the writer's experience that you can closely determine the proper point of trim by the above-mentioned methods.

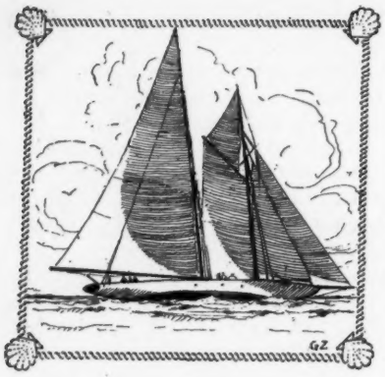
Never leave this matter of trim to guess work. That man who, looking back over his shoulder, says, "That's about right," loses enough ground before it *is* right to put him in bad.

Now try to ascertain where to trim both mainsail and jib to get the most speed when reaching. Some boats show their best speed when their sails are slacked off as far as they can go and not shiver. Other boats do best when "driven"; that is, sailed with a hard full. Personally, I think it a matter of balance. If your boat "yaws" badly reaching in comparatively smooth water, then she either is trimmed wrong or out of proper balance. In the latter case, try moving the weight of your crew either aft, amidships, or forward. If she steadies in steering and stops "yawing," you have probably found the trouble.

Off the wind you have only balance to contend with. Find the proper place for your crew with due regard to the shape of hull and to handling her properly, and make them stay in these positions as much as possible.

The balance of your "tuning up" process prior to the start of a racing season consists in thoroughly breaking in and softening all halyards and sheet ropes; obtaining and maintaining a thoroughly smooth bottom; training your crew in what is required of them in trimming the sails rounding marks, and setting "light sails."

I always try to "sign on" a crew who are willing and regular. If a skipper can be sure of his men for every race in good weather *and bad*, he is a lucky man. Failing a regular crew for both "jib sheet" and "main sheet," strive to get a regular "jib sheet" man. He is most important, because his training enables you to be reasonably sure of a quick setting or shifting of the light sails forward.



Yachting

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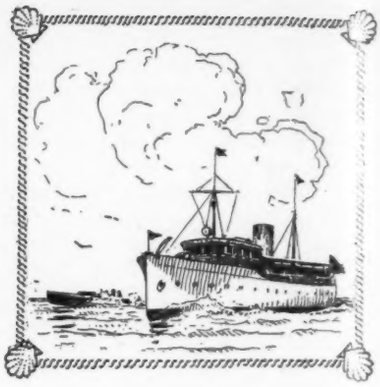


Editorial

The *Islander's* Cruise Around the World

HARRY PIDGEON, skipper of the little yawl *Islander*, is now on the Atlantic Coast where Eastern yachtsmen will have a chance to meet him and see the boat he built himself that carried him around the world on a cruise that took nearly four years and was one of the most noteworthy achievements in the annals of the sea. He and his boat, the two are inseparable, were brought from the west coast by the Cruising Club of America, and Pidgeon told the members of the club about the long voyage at a recent meeting.

When a man who is not a seaman, who has had no previous knowledge of the oceans of the world, the tracks of the prevailing winds, the currents or the areas of storms, starts out alone in a little yawl only 34-feet in length, which he built and rigged himself, and sails around the world with only such navigation as he had picked up unaided from books, and with nothing more than a watch kept in a box stuffed with cotton for a chronometer, it is a feat which lives up to the best traditions of the early explorers and navigators who pushed off into the unknown with no more assurance than displayed by Harry Pidgeon. It proves also, that the spirit of adventure is not dead in the present generation.

Pidgeon himself is a modest skipper, a plain man who apparently does not think that his achievement is much out of the ordinary. He has an infectious smile and a sense of humor. He realizes he was "shot with luck" on his long voyage and says that "when God makes a fool he usually looks out for him."

But luck wasn't all that pulled the *Islander* through. Much of the success of that voyage was due to her skipper's resourcefulness and judgment — as when he broke his main boom in a jibe one night and "fished" it himself the next day and kept on. Barring the one time he got ashore on the South African coast while he slept, and was hauled off and taken back to Cape Town, where all necessary repairs were made by himself in three days, he never turned back, was never forced to return to a harbor he had left. He always kept on sailing westward and finally, only 18 days short of four years, arrived back at Los Angeles Harbor, from which he started. In spite of his mild manner he must have an indomitable will and a great capacity to profit by experience.

His voyage will go down in the history of the sea as one of the outstanding achievements of all time.

A Busy Racing Season Ahead

With the opening of the racing season in northern waters only a few weeks off, a survey of the activities planned for the coming summer indicates that we're in for a very busy time afloat. On Massachusetts and Buzzards Bays, on Long Island Sound, on Barnegat and Great South Bays and on the Great Lakes, the racing schedules proposed show that the skippers of racing craft will have to hump to keep up with them. One well known Sound racing man recently figured up the events he wanted to sail in and found that there were 42 races during July and August in which he desired to start. This is playing it pretty hard — but, as he remarked, the yachting season is only three months long and one cannot get too much of it. The chief complaint seems to be that many of the events overlap and thus one is forced to decide which is the most desirable to enter.

The fleets, also, will be larger this year than last, when all previous records for the number of starters were broken. Many new classes have been formed since last year and quite a number of boats have been built to existing classes, such as the Q's, R's, Stars, etc., while at least three large racing schooners not out last year will be in the regattas of the New York and Eastern Yacht Clubs.

American Yachts Entered in Fastnet Race

The great interest taken by American yachtsmen in ocean racing since the Bermuda Race was put back on the chart in 1923, caused the British cruising men to inaugurate an ocean race on the other side last summer, the course being from Cowes, around the Isle of Wight, across to Fastnet Light, southwest coast of Ireland, and back to Plymouth, a distance of 600 miles. This race, over the same course, is scheduled again this year, under the auspices of the Ocean Racing Club, an organization that grew out of the race in 1925.

It is gratifying to note that some American schooners will go across to try to wrest the honors from the British yachts in this event. Two entries have been made definitely and a third yacht is a strong possibility. One of these is the schooner *Primrose IV*, owned by Frederick L. Ames, of Boston, and the other is the *Quita*, entered by George Woodward, Jr., of Philadelphia. The third possibility is the schooner *Blue Water*, owned by Melville R. Smith, Vice Commodore of the Cruising Club.

The *Primrose IV* is an Alden-designed craft, 50 feet long over all. She took second prize in her class in the 1924 Bermuda Race. She is not a Malabar type, however, and while smart, is not as fast as the boats built later to this particular type. The *Quita* has never shown much in the way of speed, but she is a husky, able craft and with a new rig should do better. The *Blue Water*, if she goes, would seem to have the best chance, provided there is not too much windward work.

The Ocean Racing Club has offered a trophy for an informal race across for any American yachts making the passage, but with a race to be sailed on their arrival, it is not likely that owners or crews will want to face the long hard grind which such an event would entail.

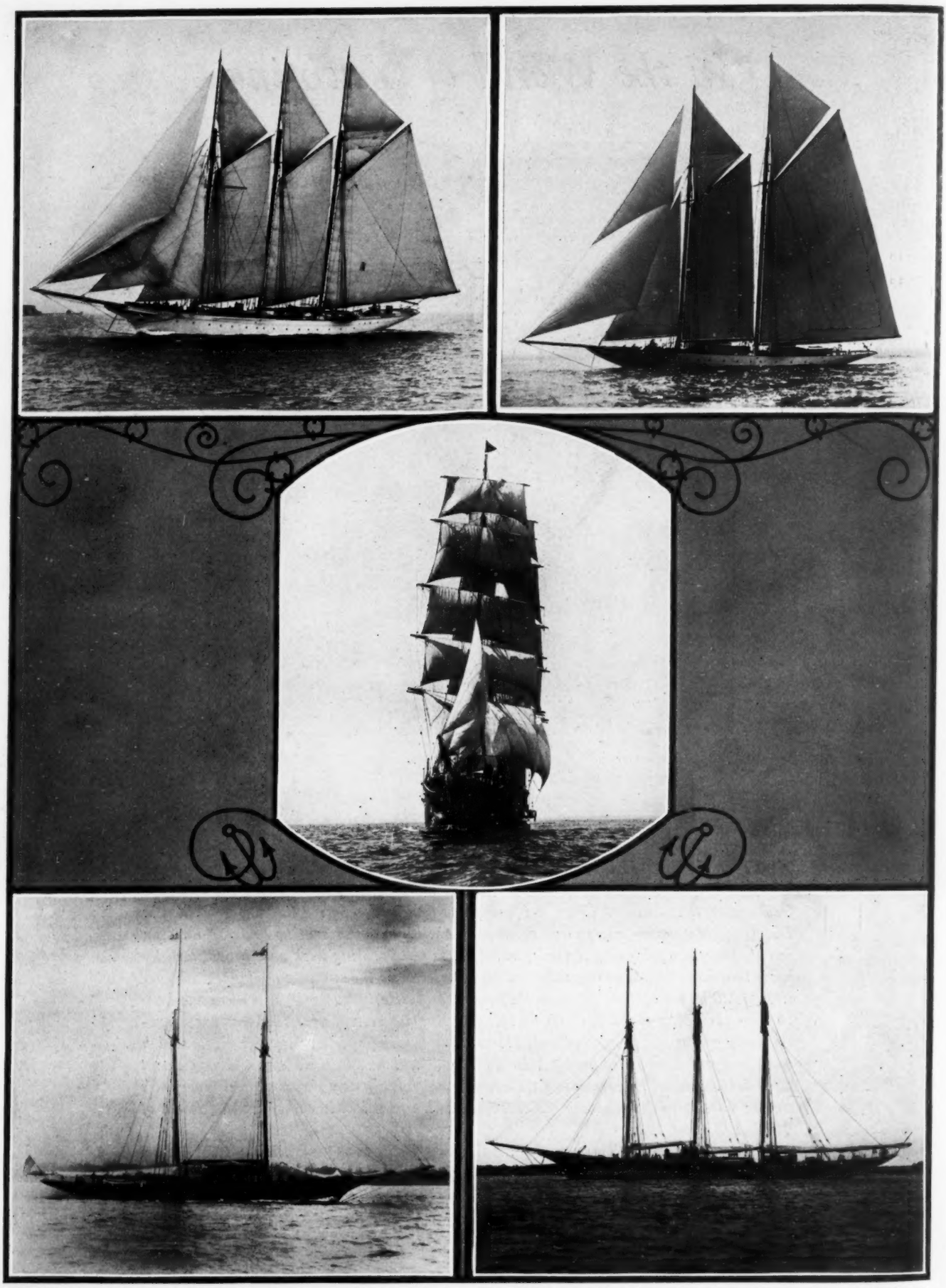
In the World of Yachting

SHELDON CLARK

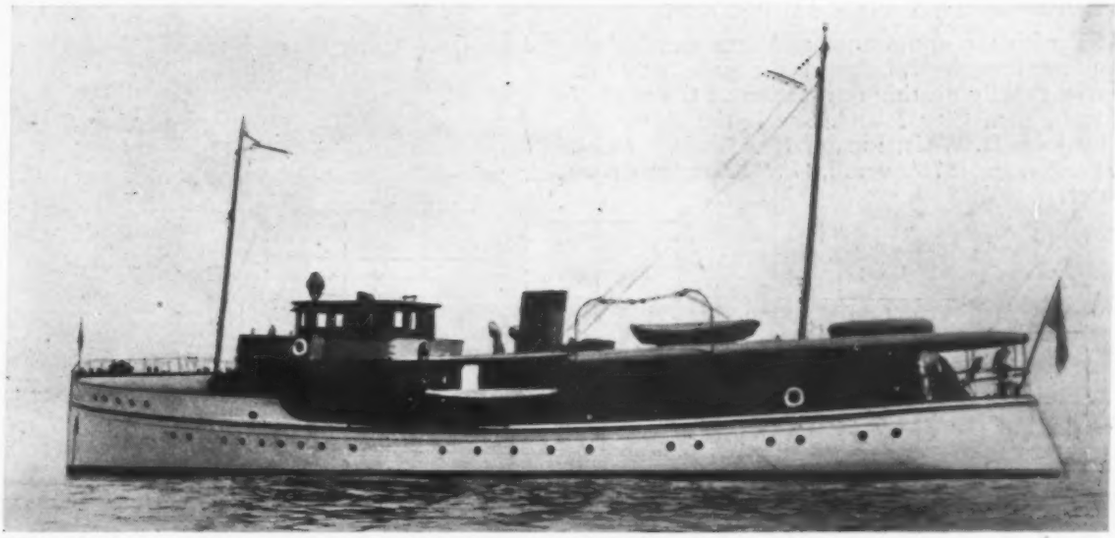
OUT on the Great Lakes, and especially on Lake Michigan, there are few yachtsmen who are better known, or who have been more active in promoting the sport on fresh water, than Sheldon Clark, for four years Commodore of the Chicago Yacht Club. Devoting his untiring energy and organizing ability to power boating and yacht racing during the years following the war, he helped to put yachting back on a broad, healthy basis that has resulted in a great increase in interest in the sport on the lake.

In 1920 he brought the 20–rater "Rainbow" (formerly "Pam") to Chicago to help in the upbuilding of the R Class on the lake, and for several years she was raced successfully under his private signal. He was the leading spirit in the syndicate which built and raced the speed boat "Miss Chicago," which represented the Chicago Yacht Club in the principal regattas of the country, winning many trophies, and four years ago he purchased the schooner "Rainbow," which he sailed in the Mackinac Races of 1922, 1923 and 1925.

Sheldon Clark was Commodore of the Chicago Yacht Club from 1920 to 1923 during the period that the big Great Lakes organization achieved its new club house at Belmont Harbor and built up its membership until it is the largest yachting organization on the American side of the Great Lakes. He is a member of the Board of Directors of that club and a member of the New York Yacht Club.



Diesel electric drive seems to be the coming power for large auxiliaries. The *Aloha*, owned by Commodore Arthur Curtiss James, is the latest yacht in which steam has given place to Diesel electric. A few recent conversions:—Top Row: *Alcyone*, owned by Henry W. Putman; *Elfay*, formerly owned by R. A. Alger. Center, *Aloha*. Bottom, *Cutty Sark*, owned by Alexander Smith; *Guinevere*, owned by Edgar Palmer.



Velero II, a west coast power cruiser 128 feet long, owned by G. Allen Hancock, of Los Angeles. She is a successful example of a full-powered electric drive yacht, having run 30,000 miles since 1922. At one time the engines were run continuously for 16 days without the slightest mechanical defect.

Diesel Electric Drive for Large Auxiliaries

This Type of Power Taking the Place of Steam or Direct Connected Power Plants in the Larger Vessels

THE conversion this spring of the well-known auxiliary bark rigged yacht *Aloha*, owned by Commodore Arthur Curtiss James, and one of the best known American yachts, from steam power to Diesel electric drive, once more focuses the attention of yachtsmen on the growing popularity of this type of auxiliary power for large yachts. The *Aloha* is not only the largest yacht to have electric drive, but she has the largest plant yet installed for purely auxiliary power, three six-cylinder Winton Diesel engines of 300 h.p. each delivering 640 shaft horsepower, taking the place of her former steam plant of 500 indicated horse power. Each engine is directly connected to a Westinghouse generator, these three units supplying power to a 180 r.p.m. double unit Westinghouse propelling motor. There is also a complete switchboard, with pilot house and engine room control. This latter is an excellent feature of electric drive, as it gives complete control of the machinery to those running the ship.

The *Aloha*, which has made many foreign voyages, including one around the world, returned early last November from a long European cruise and was taken at once to the yards of the Staten Island Shipbuilding Company where her former boilers, coal bunkers, main engine and auxiliaries were removed, engine room rearranged, foundations constructed and a modern Diesel electric propelling plant installed. This work was done under the supervision of A. B. Raymond of Tams & King, New York.

The yacht was built at the Fore River plant of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, about 1910, from designs by Tams, Lemoine and Crane. Her principal dimensions are: length over all, 218 feet; length on load water line, 165 feet; beam, 36 feet; draft loaded, 18 feet, 2 inches.

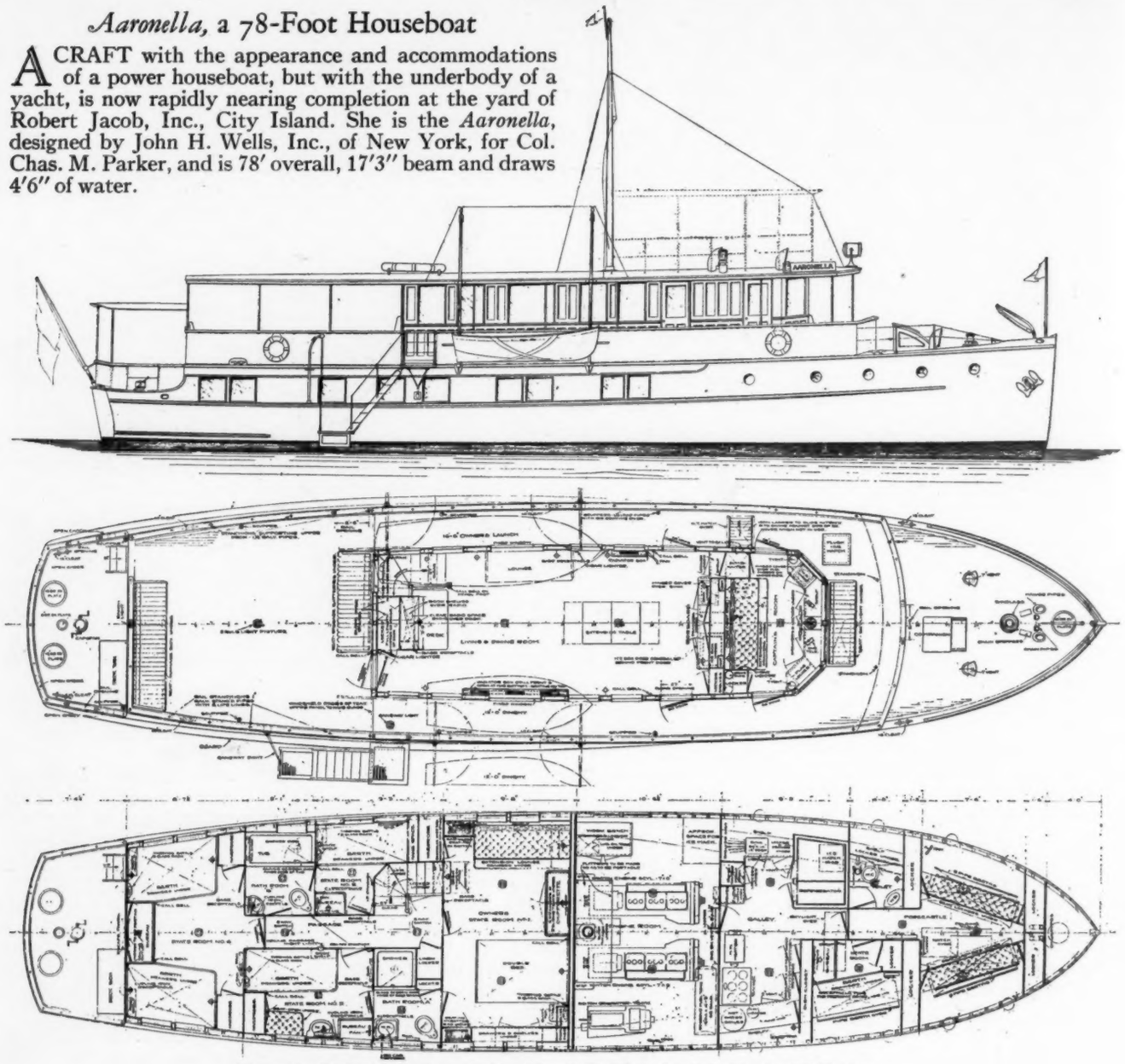
Extreme flexibility is one of the features of electric drive. All three engines can be run at the same time, or in the event of any one or two engines being stopped for overhaul or adjustment, the remaining engines, or engine, will function. In the case of the *Aloha*, only two of the main engines running at full load will give about 88 per cent of full power ship speed, and about 70 per cent speed will be obtained with only one main engine running, thus affording very economical cruising speeds, coupled with the auxiliary flexibility as shown by the above description, making the chances for complete shut down exceedingly remote.

The change to Diesel electric drive on the *Aloha* has greatly increased her cruising radius, which, with full fuel oil tanks, will now be about 5,000 miles at a speed of 10 knots. Her shaft horse power has been considerably increased and yet her draft has been decreased. Also, the conversion was made without requiring any more space than that occupied by the former steam equipment, and without giving a crowded engine room. This typical installation shows the wonderful advantages of this system of propulsion and indicates why it is finding so much favor in this field, as well as on many other types of vessels. The following list gives some of the most interesting details of all the yachts which have been fitted with Diesel electric drive to date. These vessels have all been equipped with Winton engines and Westinghouse electric propulsion apparatus:

Name	*Type*	*Gross Tonnage*	*Year Elec. Drive Installed*	*S.H.P.*	*No. Screws*	*Generator*				*Motor R.P.M*
						No.	*Kw.*	*Volts*	*R.P.M.*	
Elfay	Schooner	313	1920	90	1	1	75	125	425	360
Guinevere	"	574	1921	550	1	2	225	125	225	220
Alcyone	"	453	1922	350	1	2	140	125	250	175
Velero II	"	265	1922	215	1	2	90	125	450	275
Cutty Sark	"	246	1924	150	1	2	65	125	600	240
Aloha	Bark	659	1926	640	1	3	175	167	450	180

Aaronella, a 78-Foot Houseboat

A CRAFT with the appearance and accommodations of a power houseboat, but with the underbody of a yacht, is now rapidly nearing completion at the yard of Robert Jacob, Inc., City Island. She is the *Aaronella*, designed by John H. Wells, Inc., of New York, for Col. Chas. M. Parker, and is 78′ overall, 17′3″ beam and draws 4′6″ of water.



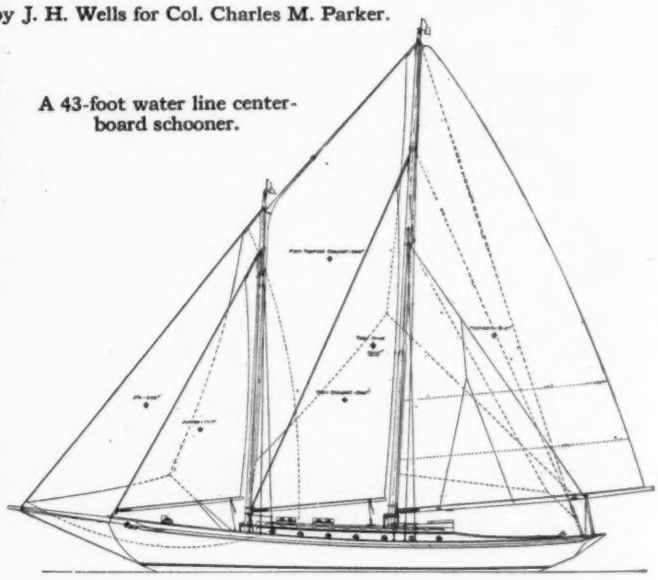
Plans of a 78-foot houseboat designed by J. H. Wells for Col. Charles M. Parker.

In the crew's quarters forward are berths for seven men, with a captain's room in the deckhouse. The owner and guests are splendidly taken care of with two double staterooms, two single staterooms, and two baths. A lounge room, dining room and steering shelter are located in the deckhouse. A buffet connecting with the dining room is fitted with dumbwaiter, sink, ice box, electric grill, etc. A shelter is built at the after end of the deckhouse, and a sun deck over the forward end.

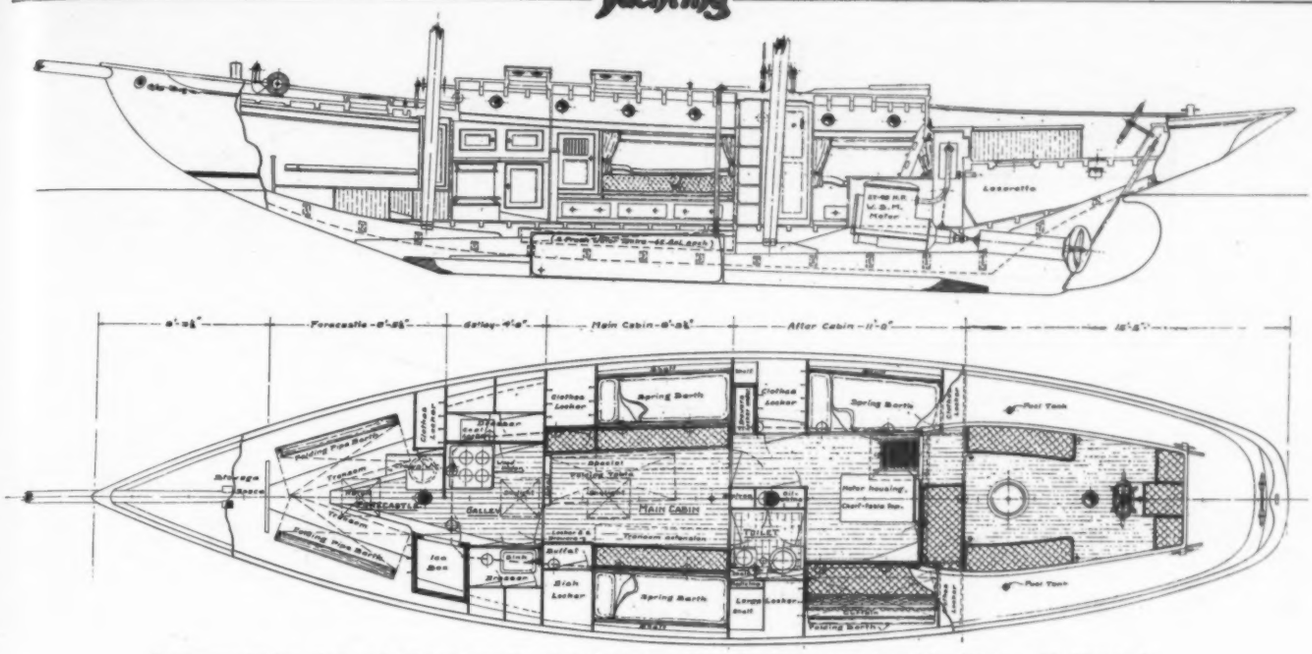
In the engine compartment are the twin 250 h.p. Winton engines, Winton generating set, Edison batteries, etc.

A Moderate Draft Auxiliary Schooner

HERE is another centerboarder for those interested in a shoal draft craft. She is an attractive auxiliary schooner designed by William H. Hand, Jr., of New Bedford, Mass., for a New York client who required a seaworthy, fast schooner with draft sufficiently light to enable her to use many of the smaller and shoaler harbors on Long Island Sound.



A 43-foot water line centerboard schooner.



Accommodation plan and inboard profile of 43-foot centerboard schooner designed by William H. Hand, Jr.

The plans show a centerboard wholly under the cabin floor, controlled through a pipe at after end of forward cabin. This arrangement, which has been successfully used on many Hand boats, provides an unbroken cabin floor sufficiently low to give full headroom in all compartments save the forecastle.

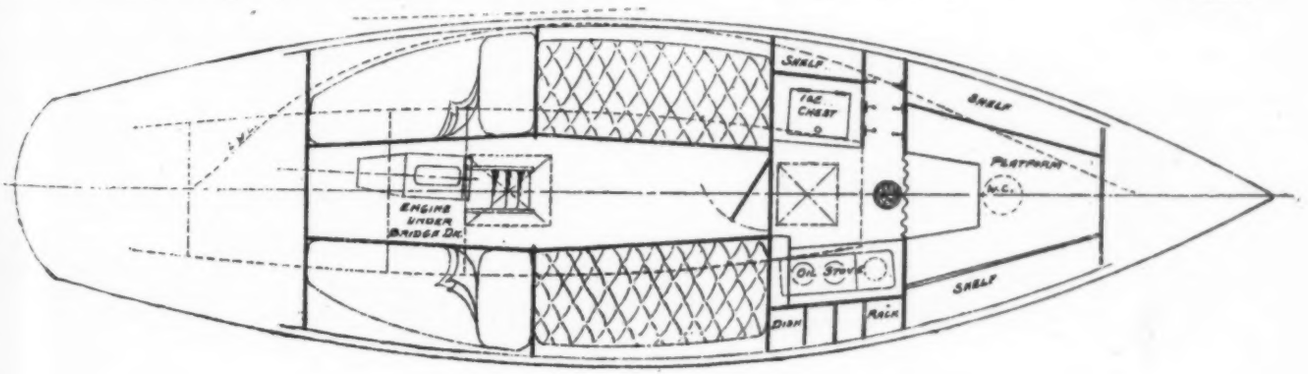
Two staysail rigs were drawn but it has not yet been decided which will be used — that is, whether the mainmast will be rigged with a standard gaff mainsail and pole topsail or a jib-headed mainsail rig. The staysails between the masts are of the same type as those used on the successful Hand schooner *Tigress*.

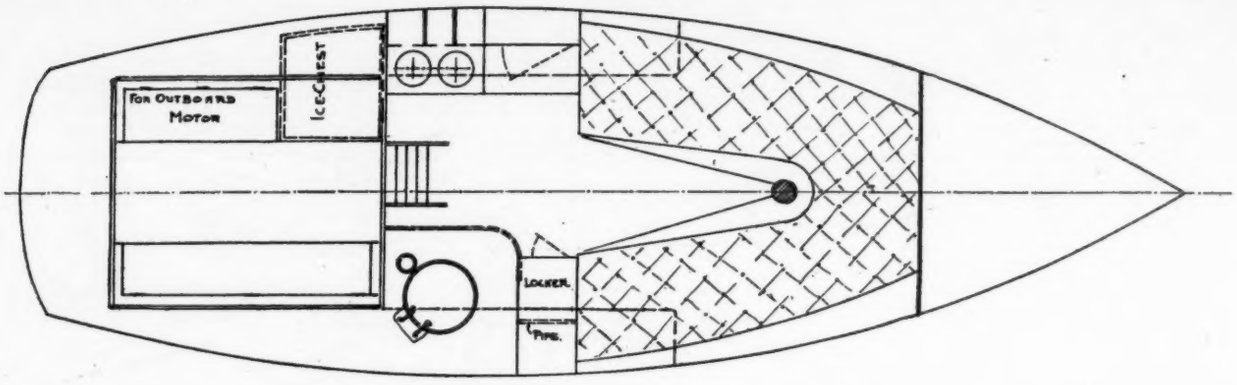
The new schooner is 56′ 7½″ o.a.; 43′ 2″ l.w.l.; 14′ 6″ extreme beam and 5′ draft. She will be powered with a WSM motor delivering about 40 h.p., with which a speed of at least 10 miles is expected, and with reason, for the new schooner should be quite as fast under power as the deeper draft similar boats of the *Tigress* type — schooners which have speed under power equal to that of the average cruising motor boat. The sail area is from 1850 to 1940 sq. ft., depending on the rig used.

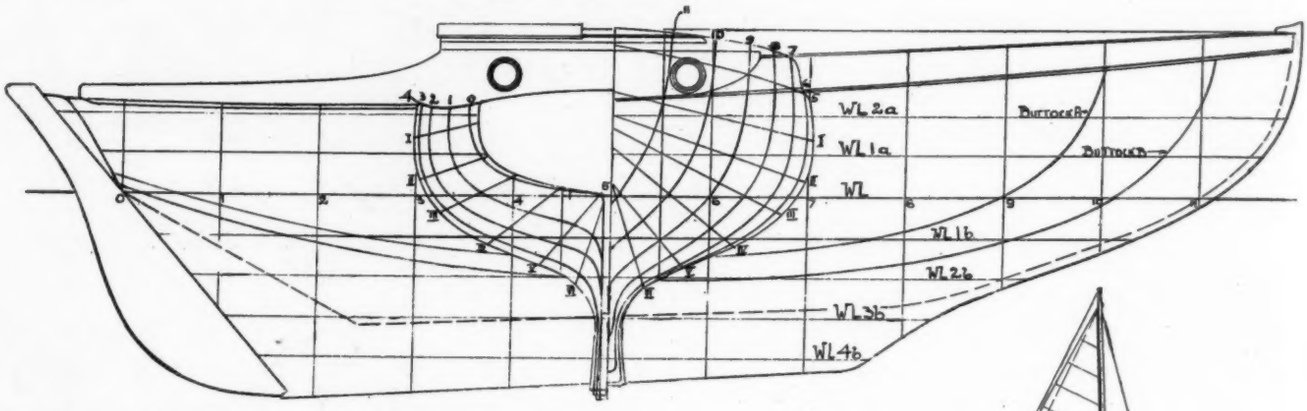
A Snappy Cruising Sloop

THE many yachtsmen who believe that there is nothing to equal the sloop rig on small cruising craft will be interested in the accompanying plans of a 34-foot keel cruising sloop from the board of John G. Alden, of Boston. The water line length is 25′, the beam, 10′ 4″, and the draft 5′ 7″. The ends are short, the sheer sweet, and the freeboard ample. The ballast is 7,500 lbs. outside

A 34-foot cruising auxiliary sloop designed by J. G. Alden.

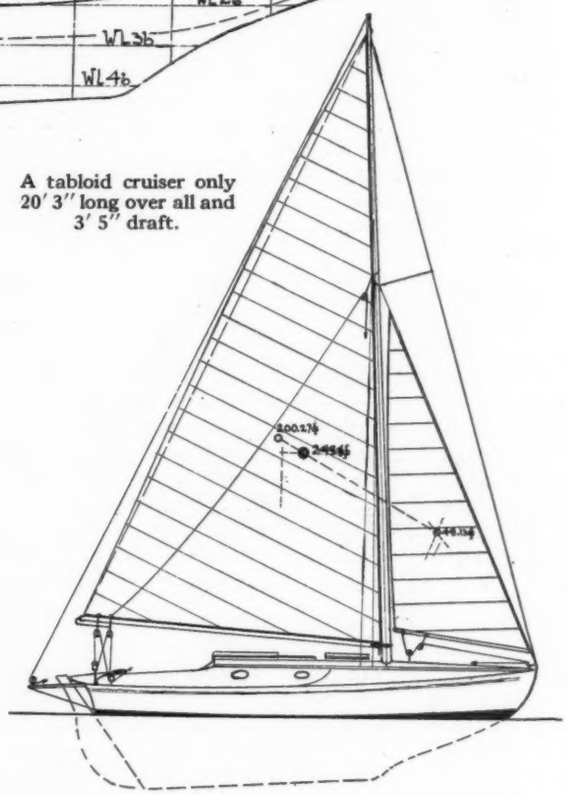






and about 1,000 lbs. inside for trimming. An inspection of the lines shows good initial stability and easy sailing lines, while the rig of 665 sq. ft., kept well inboard, should make her a smart sailer.

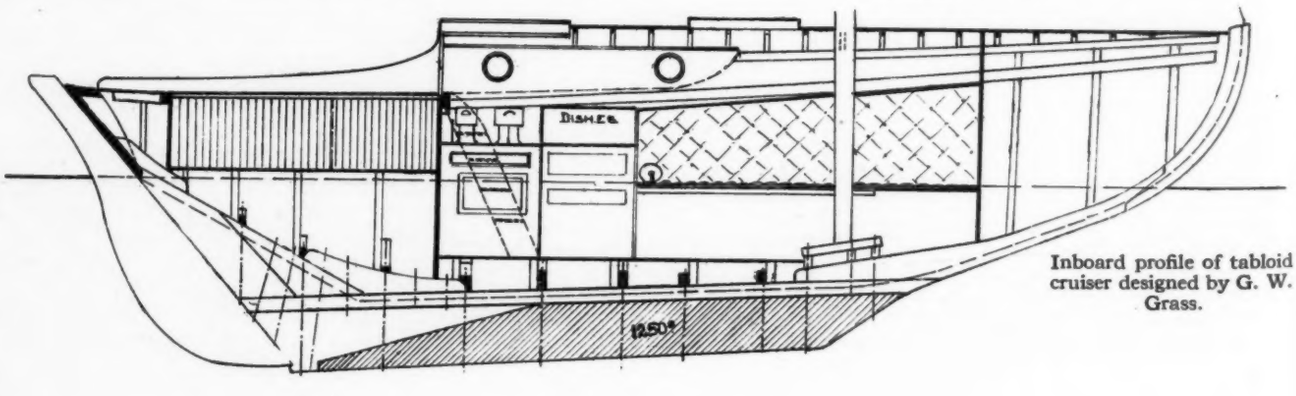
The interior layout shows comfortable cruising accommodations for four people, with two quarter berths, a fine main cabin amidships with two more berths, galley, forepeak and toilet forward. There is 6′ 4″ headroom throughout, with a 2-cylinder Red Wing motor tucked under the companion steps.



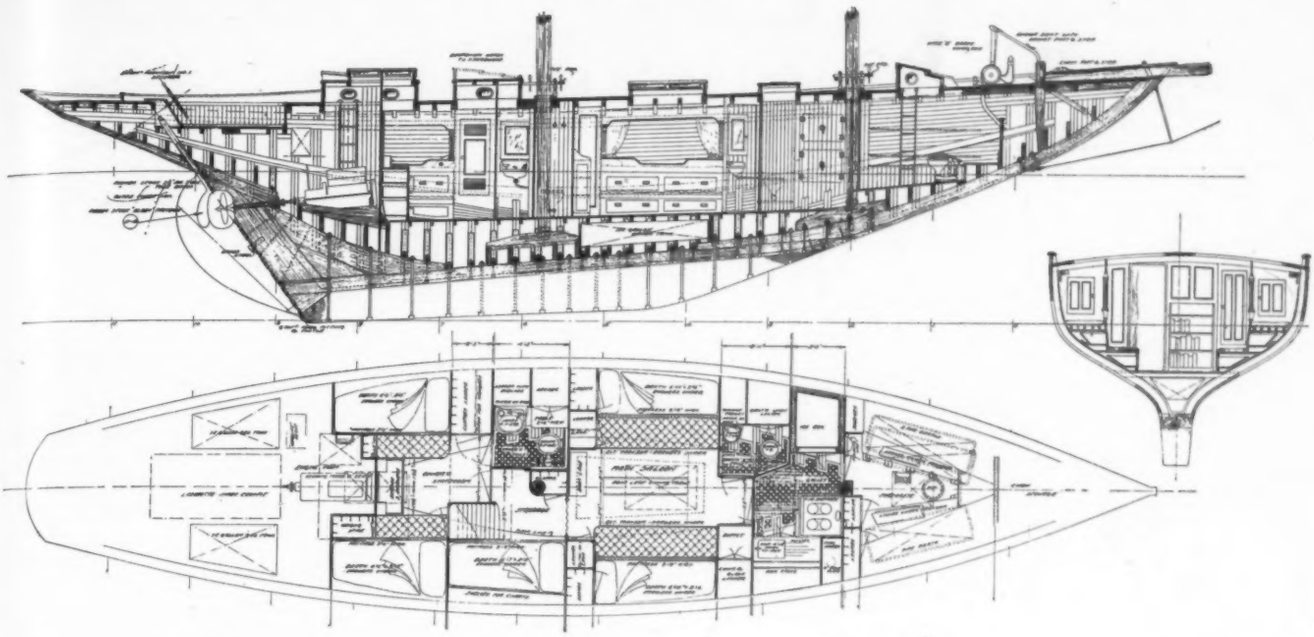
A tabloid cruiser only 20′ 3″ long over all and 3′ 5″ draft.

An Attractive Tabloid Cruiser

AN attractive tabloid cruiser of the raised deck type is shown in the accompanying plans from the board of G. W. Grass, of Milwaukee, who set himself the task of turning out the smallest real cruiser possible, and a single-hander besides. The lines show a full-bodied craft of generous displacement, the sailing lines being quite easy for so small a boat. The area in the Marconi sloop rig is 249 sq. ft., and there is 1,250 lbs. of iron in the keel. The boomkin, or outrigger, serves the double purpose of holding the permanent backstay, under which the boom swings, and the outboard motor, the latter being adopted as auxiliary power in order to save space inside the boat.



Inboard profile of tabloid cruiser designed by G. W. Grass.

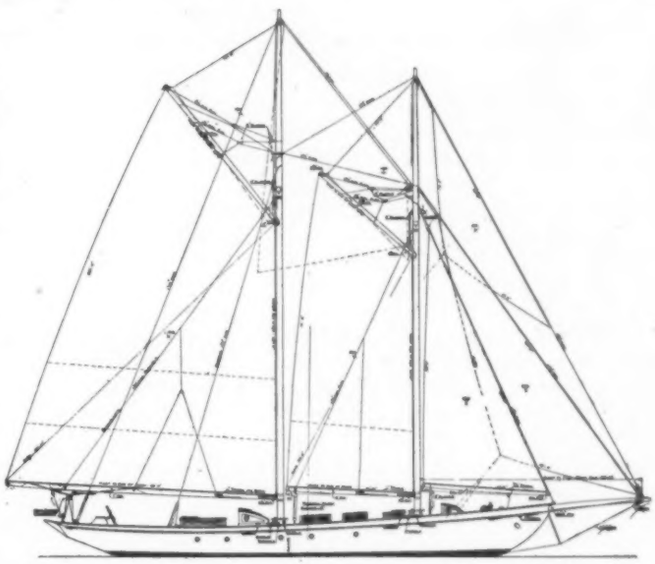


Chimon, a Flush Deck Cruising Schooner

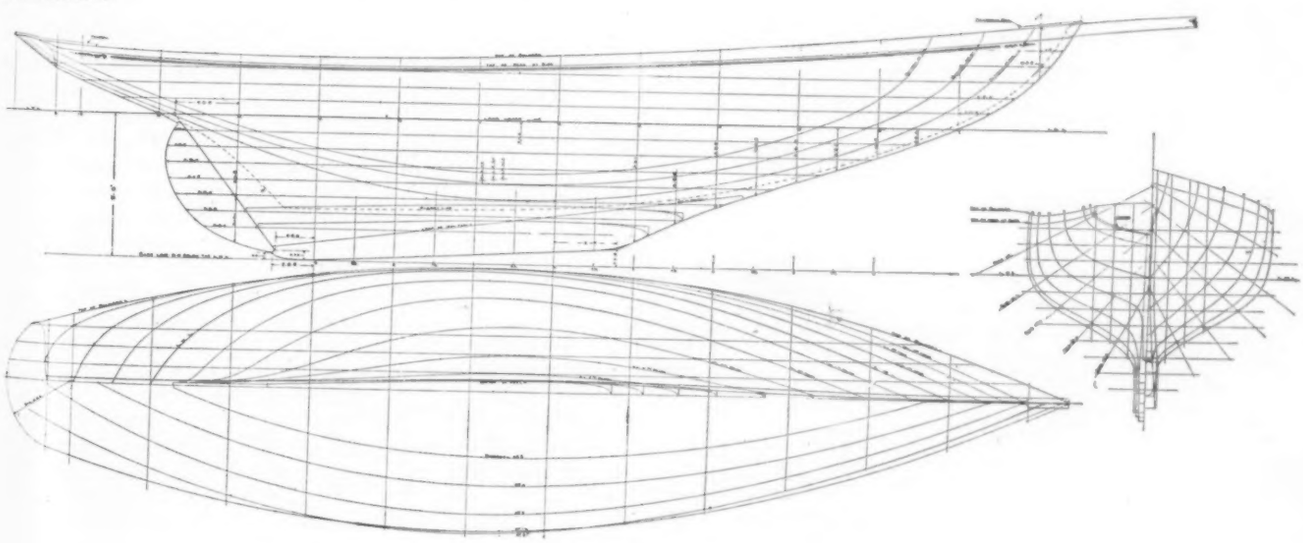
AN able, husky, flush deck auxiliary cruising schooner is shown in the accompanying plans drawn by Francis Sweisguth, of Ford & Payne, New York. She is 67′ 6″ over all, 50′ water line, 15′ 6″ beam and 9′ draft, and is being built in a Nova Scotia shipyard for Dr. Frederick G. Goodridge, of the New York Yacht Club, who will enter her in the squadron runs of the club in August, and may enter the Bermuda Race if she is finished and tuned up in time.

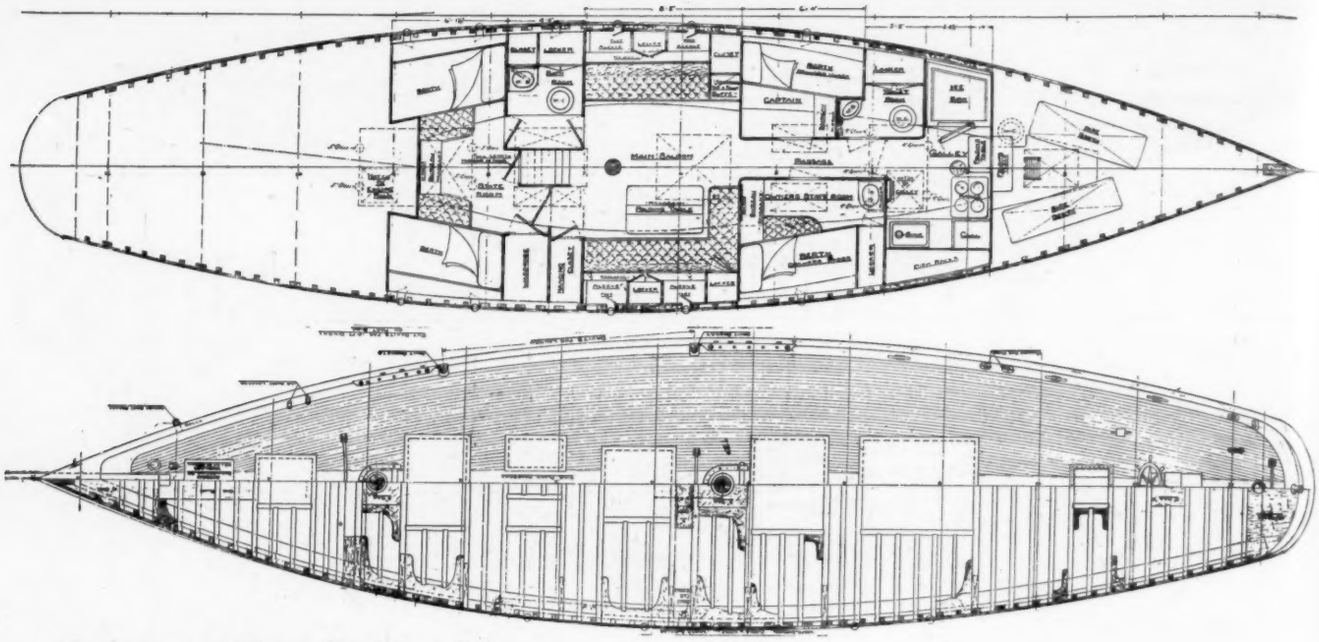
Chimon has moderate ends, good sheer, ample beam and generous displacement, and will carry about 60 per cent of her ballast on her keel. She should be easy and dry in a seaway, and show a good turn of speed with 2,720 sq. ft. of sail in her working sails, which will be of Egyptian duck by Burrows. A 6-cylinder, 65-100 h.p. Kermath, with Noyes feathering wheel, should give fine speed under power.

The interior layout shows a double stateroom aft and main saloon amidships, with bathroom, wardrobe, closets, etc., between. The owner's stateroom is just forward of the saloon, and captain's stateroom opposite, the latter connecting with another toilet room. The galley and forecastle for the crew are large, well equipped and well ventilated.



Plans of an able auxiliary cruising schooner designed by Francis Sweisguth, of Ford & Payne, for Dr. Frederick G. Goodridge, of New York.





Curlew, a 65-Foot Cruising Schooner

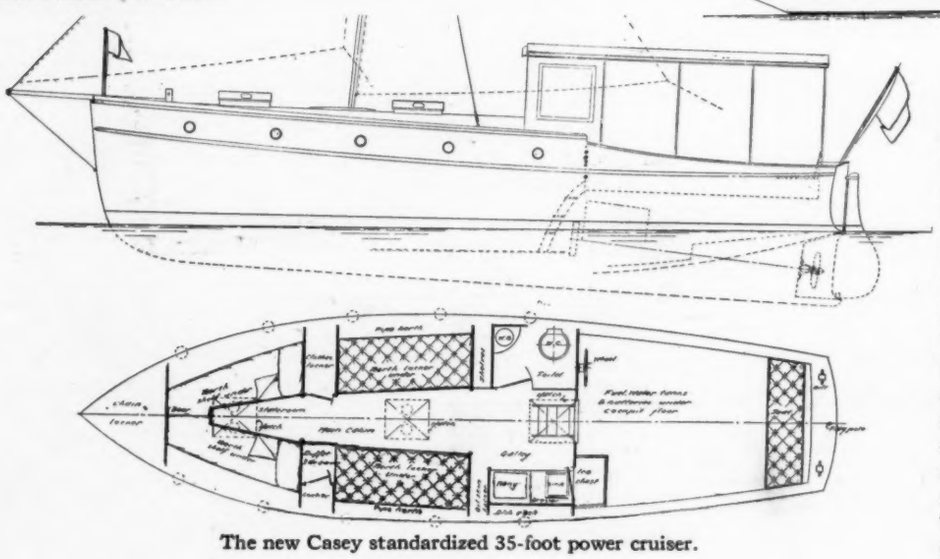
UP at Wiscasset, Maine, F. F. Pendleton is putting on the finishing touches to a fine looking flush deck schooner for Mr. Charles Lee Andrews, of the New York Yacht Club. She was designed by John G. Alden, of Boston, and will be named *Curlew*, her dimensions being: l.o.a., 65′; l.w.l., 46′; beam, 14′ 8″; draft, 8′ 3″.

The sail plan shows a Marconi mainsail, and the foremast is carried high enough to allow for a large balloon jib and spinnaker, besides a small jib topsail for light going. The area in the four lowers is 2,054 sq. ft.

The cabin entrance is amidships, with roomy toilet room to port and double stateroom aft. The main cabin sleeps four, the galley is large, while the forecastle has comfortable accommodations for a crew of three men. The separate engine room is abaft the owner's quarters, where the Kermath motor and Homelite electric plant are installed. A Noyes-Thompson feathering wheel will be used.

Curlew will probably be seen this summer on the New York and Eastern Y. C. cruises, and would make a dangerous contestant in the Bermuda Race, which it is hoped her owner will enter.

Plans of a new auxiliary schooner yacht, 65 feet long, designed for Charles Lee Andrews by J. G. Alden.



The new Casey standardized 35-foot power cruiser.

A Husky 35-Footer

AUXILIARIES and power boats that have emanated from the Casey Boat Building Company, at Fairhaven, Mass., during the last few years, have become very well known. Therefore, the new 35-foot standardized power cruiser which this company is putting out will have special significance. This new boat is a big 35-footer with 9′ 9″ beam and 3′ 6″ draft. The large cockpit is protected by a wind shield at the forward end and a standing top, while the quarters, as shown in the plans, consist of a main cabin, stateroom forward, galley and toilet room. The model is built either in raised deck or trunk cabin type.

Dodge boats are protected, inside and out, with Valspar. Photo by McGregor & Vallin.

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Vice-President.

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In the Lee of the Longboat

by Cap Stan

GORDON PRINCE has my thanks for his able summing up of the merits of the ketch rig for cruising — self-steering, and general all-around ease of handling. If you are a cruising man, read his article in the last issue, and you'll see why many real cruising men are swinging over to the ketch from schooners, sloops and yawls.

Unfortunately, Gordon doesn't shed much light on just *why* the ketch is a self-steerer. Who does know, positively? No one, apparently. But Fritz Fenger tells me that he has a brand new theory he is working on, and which he fondly hopes is right. If it is, Fritz believes that it will be possible to design a boat which will be *guaranteed* to hold a course without a helmsman. I hope Fritz has solved the problem, and will tell the world what a lot of cruising men are anxious to know.

* * *

Harking back to the shoal draft controversy, and to that schooner design of Tom Bowes's in the March issue, I happened down around Port Norris, N. J., not so long ago, and saw two fine-looking examples of Delaware River oyster schooners, very similar to the Bowes design. One was 90′ on deck, while the other was still on the stocks, half planked, and 100′ long. In general, they greatly resembled the Bowes schooner, had about the same beam and draft, but seemed to have more deadrise, and carried a double headrig instead of a single jib. They certainly looked husky enough to stand anything, had a fairly easy entrance for a beamy boat, and a beautifully clean run. Get the wind aft in a good breeze, and maybe they couldn't travel! Some day I hope to take a trip on one of those hookers and see what they'll do — and Lower Delaware Bay can dish up the right kind of weather to make it a real test, don't think it can't. If you don't think so, just stick around down there for a while during either March or April — dollars to doorbells you'll change your mind in a hurry.

* * *

I haven't checked up on the 1924 Bermuda Race, but in the 1923 affair I know of four cases where chronometers went wrong, accounting for dubious landfalls. The reasons for these chronometer errors are two, in the main — change of temperature, and the fact that the chronometers are adjusted and rated on shore, and "act up" when transplanted aboard a pitching, rolling yacht. Now, you can't expect to win an ocean race unless you make a good landfall, and without the exact time your navigator is pretty helpless. The answer seems to be — Radio. There are plenty of good, moderate priced radio sets on the market which are capable of receiving time signals at a distance of 600 miles, especially at sea, where interference from other stations, X-ray machines, "bloopers," etc., is practically nil. Use a keel bolt, your water intake pipe, or propeller shaft, for a ground. An aerial can easily be rigged up by hoisting up a wire on one or more halliards. Install the set at least a week before the race, carefully log the stations sending out time signals, start with fresh batteries, and you should get an absolutely accurate check on your chronometer at least once a day, lift a heavy load from your navigator's mind, and greatly increase your chances of making a perfect landfall.

* * *

Our British cousins are beginning to see the light as regards a measurement rule for the Fastnet Ocean Race. Their rule last year was a good rule — better, undoubtedly, than rating the boats on overall length, as is done in many of our long distance affairs. The trouble was, however, that the rule was entirely too complicated, and almost impossible to apply in many cases. This year they have eliminated the displacement factor, and substituted the factors of beam and depth in its place. Displacement was unquestionably the big stumbling block, and may have accounted, in part at least, for a rather abbreviated number of starters. Whereas it is sometimes impossible to get the displacement of a boat, beam and depth are easily measured. The troubles of the Committee should be greatly lessened, and a bigger fleet should face the starter as a result of the simplification of the rule.

* * *

These charcoal briquettes which Frank Draper recommends would seem to be the real thing for the Bermuda Race. A coal fire lasts too long for comfort in hot weather, wood and charcoal are bulky, dirty, and you have to "stoke up" all the time. They tell me the briquettes make a dandy fire, last long enough to cook a meal, and then expire, leaving very little ash. I believe they can be obtained locally now, though I'd be willing to have some shipped from Philadelphia to get what seems to be the finest kind of Shipmate fuel, for summer work at least.

Owner's Stateroom, Yacht ARA. Appointments by New York Galleries, Inc.

The pleasure of cruising is greatly increased when your yacht's cabin and deck appointments provide the same convenience and comfort to which you are accustomed ashore.

¶ It is entirely practicable to enjoy this luxury aboard your cruiser. The essence of the problem, of course, is in acquiring just the right things for your particular boat — the furniture, hangings, lighting fixtures and decorative essentials which will harmonize.

¶ When properly designed and arranged before an appropriate background, these details often create an effect of spaciousness which even the limited dimensions of a yacht's cabin cannot dispel.

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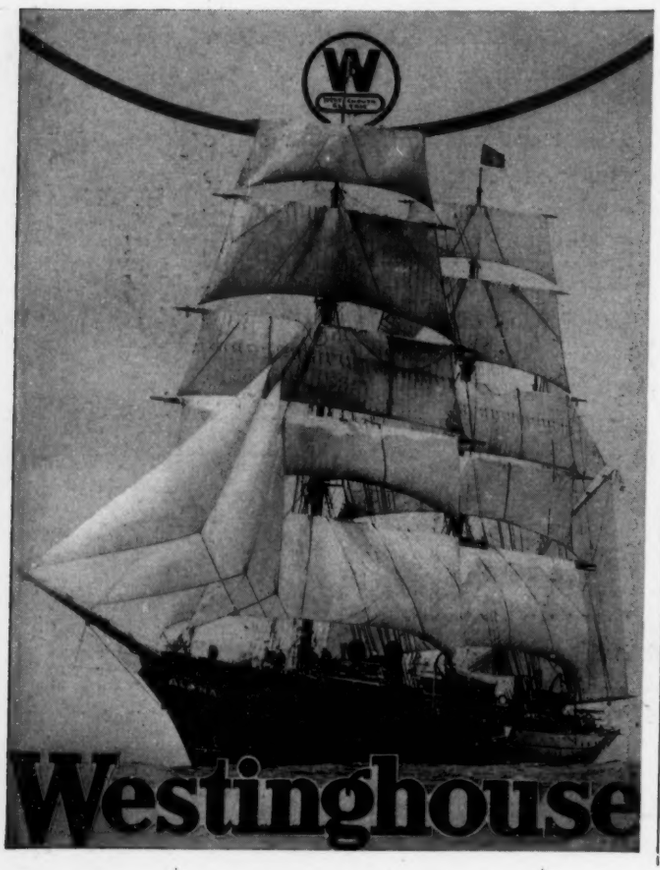

By Sneakbox to Florida

(*Continued from page 44*)

We felt like shouting; it seemed as though we had just won a great battle, a victory which we could be proud of. Yet something stayed our cheers; something seemed to be telling us that we weren't the heroic mariners we thought, but just two lucky devils whom Fate had felt disposed to save from their own foolishness. So we turned in for the night with mixed feelings of humbled pride and exultation.

In the morning we felt wholly independent of weather conditions, and for the first time in several weeks got up anchor without giving a thought to wind or sea. At Georgetown we were pleased to purchase gasoline on the dock at four cents a gallon less than it was being sold for at the garages, the higher price to automobiles being due to the fact that the garage owner has to have some recompense for the "free" air, water, and crankcase service which the automobilist expects.

Leaving Georgetown at dusk we followed a tug and two barges through the winding waterway below Winyah Bay until the tug stuck her nose in the bank while her skipper shut off the engine and came aft to see what it was that had been following him for three hours. Then we all adjourned to his engine room where we feasted upon roast duck and discussed the high price of gasoline and the scarcity of cargoes. A little before midnight the *Kermath* went on her way in quest of a load of lumber, while we turned in to await daylight, having first obtained explicit directions for finding the shortest route to Cape Romain Light.

Charleston was the only large city where we enjoyed a really good anchorage; moored off the Carolina Yacht Club we were far from the prying eyes of the curious, and for once we could fry an egg or change a shirt with almost as much privacy as in our usual harbors along the little streams of the inside route. Entering the Savannah River we struggled all afternoon against a strong ebb tide to make our way past the busy city and up to Whitehall, one of the few old plantations remaining in that section. There in a beautiful grove of live oaks festooned with the drooping Spanish moss we hauled out our boats and leisurely went over them with paint and varnish.

The coldest weather of the trip was encountered a day or two later when the thermometer dropped to twenty-two degrees one night and froze the water in our glass jugs. The next day we sailed in a hard wind with the mercury still below thirty and it was several days before we felt really thawed out, but we had no fault to find with the weather for the wind favored us day after day and we sailed for miles with no windward work except in some of the sharp bends in the rivers. And the more we sailed the more we came to appreciate the advantages of the rig which Mr. Hanna had suggested for our use; only on a long cruise can you *really* appreciate what it means to have a sail that requires no blocks or halliards, that can be set or lowered in a few seconds, and that can be lashed on deck out of the way when not in use. And that sets with all the grace of a real Marconi, with none of the Marconi's drawbacks! The method of reefing the sail, whereby the rig becomes a lateen, is as ingenious as it is unusual, and while we had Burrows include the necessary reefing points we never had occasion to use them; with our boats fully loaded they stood up under full sail in any weather fit to go out in. The boats weighed about 375 lbs. each, and when loaded with food, water, gasoline, outboard motor, and the rest of our duffle the weight of each must have approached 700 lbs.

St. Andrews proved to be the roughest sound in our course, and with a very heavy wind tending to bury our noses we had to sit far aft on the decks. Our large centerboards, of the dagger type, proved of great value in going

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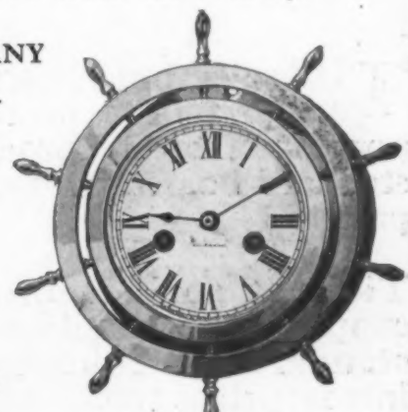

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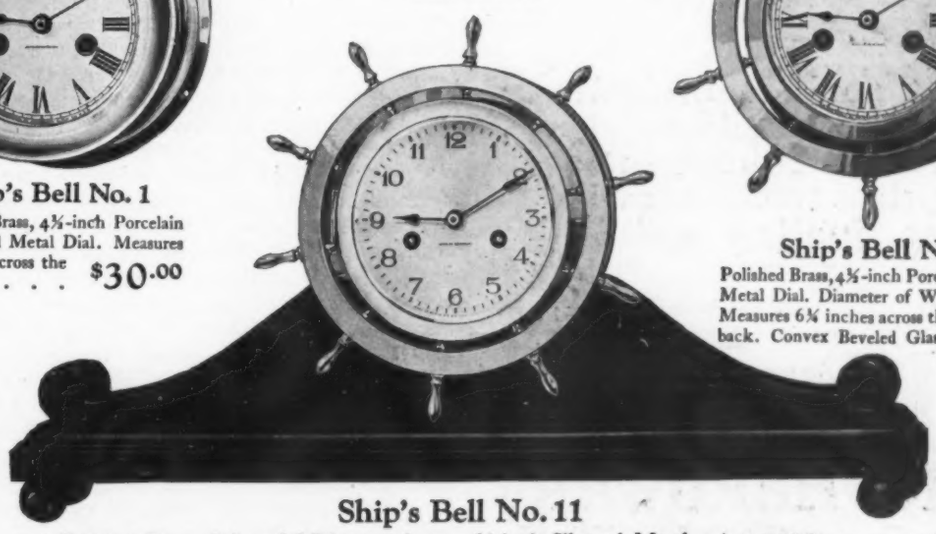

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to windward in rough water and they had an advantage over the hung type of centerboard in that they enabled the centerboard wells to be far forward, so that the cockpits were left unobstructed. In smooth water, however, we could sail with a beam wind without the boards, and thereby made many short cuts over the flats and shoals in a foot or so of water.

But even the roughest stretches of water which we encountered in the last half of our cruise seemed rather mild, and we were entirely indifferent towards weather which two months before would have made us think twice before leaving a harbor. And in that respect the voyage was a revelation; we had felt that we fully appreciated the advantages of a sneakbox, but it remained for a long cruise with some outside work to really open our eyes to the true qualities of that admirable little craft. The full, spoon-shaped bow is its greatest asset; it enables the hull to stay on top of every wave, and if properly shaped has no tendency to pound in a choppy sea. Even on Barnegat there are some who build their boxes with rather sharp bows, on the theory that they will cut through the waves with greater ease than would a broader one; but it is not in the nature of a sneakbox to cut through waves, and the sharp bow has the disadvantage of reducing the buoyancy of the hull just where it is most needed; by giving the forward sections considerable curve the bow can be kept broad without the slightest danger of pounding and the boat will lift lightly before a sea can climb up on deck. To be sure, a sneakbox or any boat with scant freeboard is bound to be wet whenever it blows hard, for there is little to block the spray from coming aboard, but in bad weather it is not spray, but rather solid water, which does the damage.

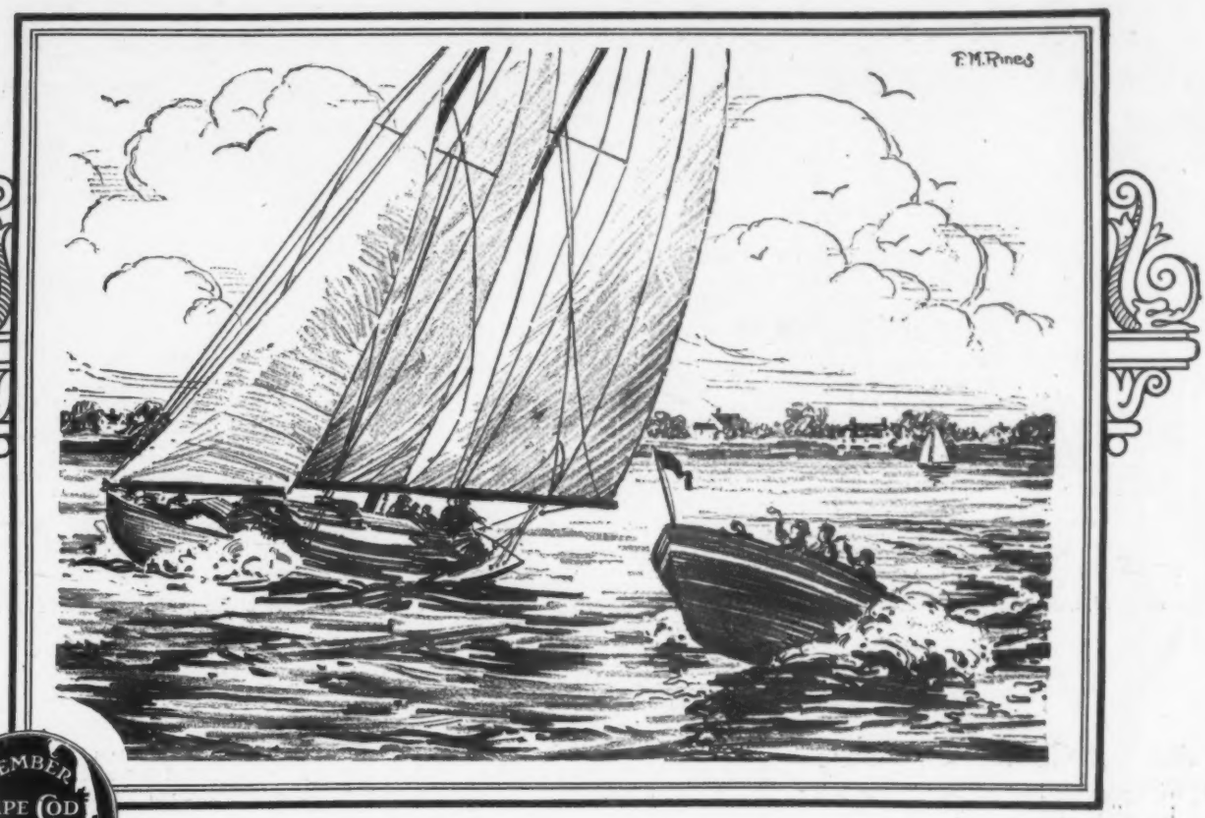
Our biggest daytime run was one which we made in the rivers and canals near the mouth of the St. Johns River. We had a fair wind all one morning and in addition started up one of the Johnsons in the afternoon; when we checked up after anchoring we found that we had gone 51 miles. On other occasions when we were anxious to make as much distance as possible we would end the day with 20 or 25 miles as our meager reward for bucking head winds or unfavorable tides — or perhaps such short distances were more often penalties for a late breakfast.

We were very proud of the completeness of our chart locker, for besides the little Inside Route Pilot we had the complete set of coast charts which had taken Commodore Crabbe's *Windjammer* southward the previous winter when she made her cruise around Cuba. Doubtless we might have had the *Windjammer's* chronometer and her binnacle, too, if we had had room for them, for the *Windjammer* is a democratic sort of ship and thinks nothing of giving away her best equipment. Perhaps the true explanation of the *Windjammer's* generosity lies in the fact that with all the recent discussion as to the relative safety of shoal draft and keel boats she felt it her duty to aid two sneakboxes in living up to shoal-draft tradition.

One thing which became strongly impressed upon us as week after week we answered the same questions, was that only the fewest of yachtsmen realize what small-boat cruising is. They all seemed to think that we were subject to all sorts of hardships, that we couldn't keep warm at night, that we got drenched whenever it rained, and that our meals necessarily consisted largely of canned food. As a matter of fact we weren't "roughing it" in any sense whatsoever; our boats were absolutely tight, we had not the slightest trouble keeping things dry below decks, and canned food played a minor part in our menus. Even if we neglected to put up our shelter tents over the cockpits the wooden hatches offered complete protection and left space enough below so that we could read or write in comfort.

Finally one dark evening, January 21st to be exact, we pulled in behind an island and anchored, just as we had been doing on other dark nights for the previous three

(*Continued on page 103*)



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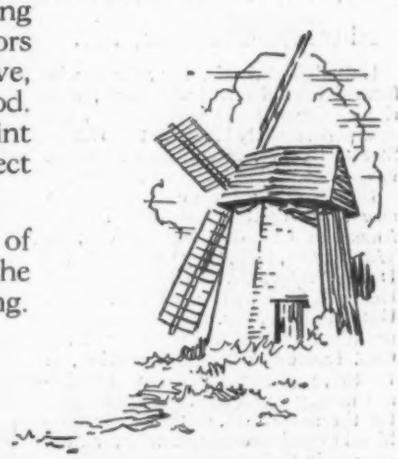

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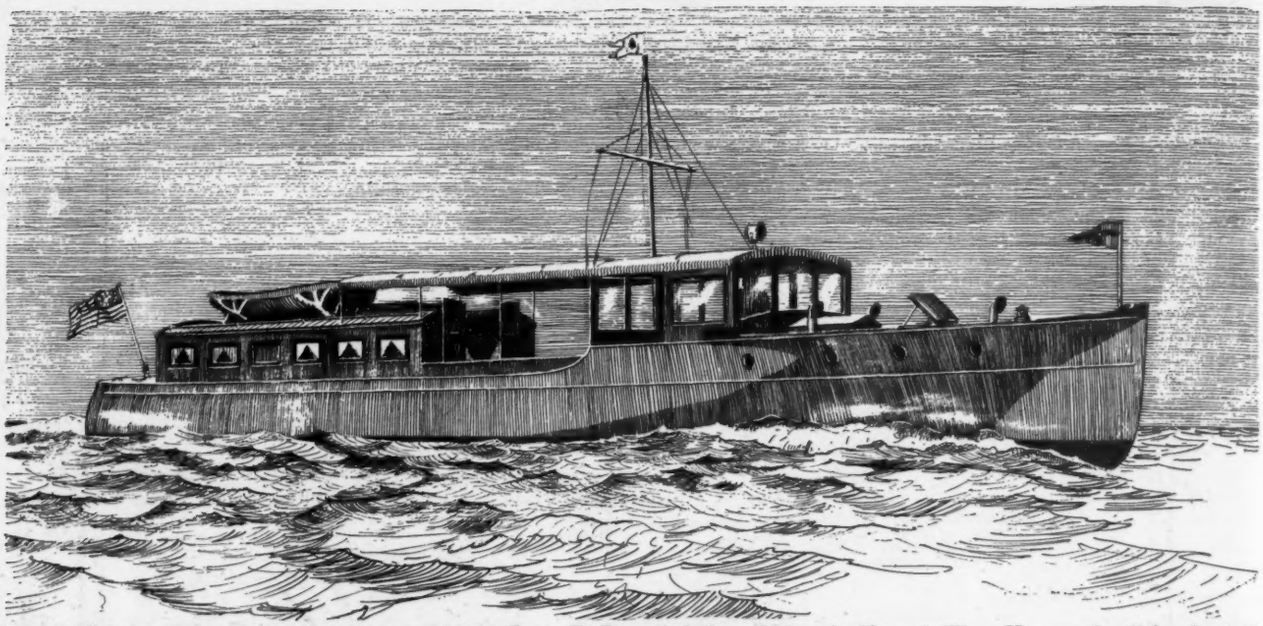


Brook II, a new 58-foot commuting power yacht for Percy R. Pyne 2nd, from designs by Tams & King. Her speed will be about 25 miles per hour with two Sterling Dolphins.

Of Interest to the Skipper

A New Commuting Boat

THE growing fleet of fast "commuting boats" will soon have a handsome addition—the *Brook II*, now being built by Petersen of Nyack from designs by Tams & King for Percy R. Pyne, 2nd. *Brook II* will be 58′ overall, 10′6″ beam and 3″ draft, and is expected to make an average speed of 25 miles an hour with her twin Sterling Dolphin motors of 235 h.p. each.

The large 'midship cockpit is separated from the bridge by a windshield. The engine room forward of the bridge contains the Sterling motors, Delco lighting set, batteries, etc. Forward of the engine compartment are ample quarters for the crew, well ventilated. Aft of the 'midship cockpit is the owner's cabin, with extension transoms, and connecting lavatory on the port side. The construction throughout is excellent, the hull being double planked mahogany, copper fastened, white pine deck, and mahogany trim.

Eldredge-McInnis, Inc.

Eldredge-McInnis, Inc., the newly formed firm of naval architects, marine engineers and yacht brokers, are now permanently located at 160 State Street, Boston, Mass., and report a large prospective business in sight.

Besides being the designers of the new stock craft being built by the American Car & Foundry Co., of Wilmington, Del., they are agents for Dodge Watercars, and also represent Henry J. Gielow, Inc., of New York. Until recently, Mr. Eldredge was vice president and general manager of the Geo. Lawley & Son Corporation, of Boston, and Mr. McInnis was assistant manager and chief naval architect for the same firm, so that their combined experience augurs well for their success in their new venture.

New Willis Catalogue

The E. J. Willis Co., manufacturers and jobbers of yacht equipment, have just issued a general catalogue of 100 pages devoted exclusively to all the latest fixtures and devices to make yachting safe and comfortable. Readers of YACHTING may secure a copy free by writing to the E. J. Willis Co., 85 Chambers Street, New York City.

Rigg's New Address

Due to a sudden and unexpected change of plans, Rigg's Yacht Agency will move from their present quarters on May 1st to 11 Broadway, and not to the address given in the April issue of YACHTING.

The new Eagle one-design class of the Chicago Yacht Club, designed by Francis H. Early.

Special Meeting of National Ass'n of Engine and Boat Mfrs.

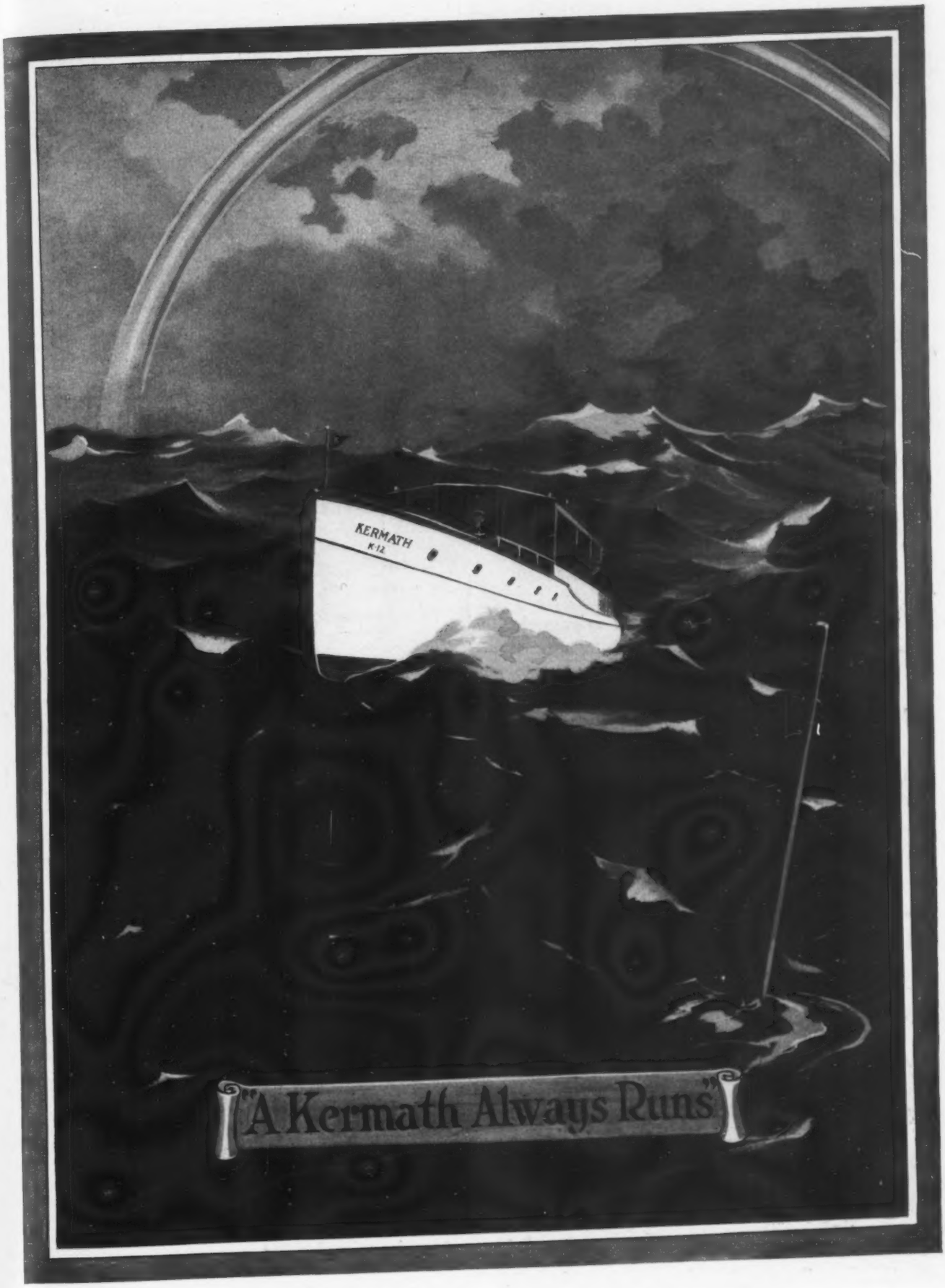
A special meeting of the National Association of Engine and Boat Mfrs., Inc., has been called for April 30th to vote on the question of raising the initiation fees and dues of the organization. The meeting was called upon the unanimous vote of the executive committee, which found that the income from dues and initiation fees was insufficient to meet the necessary expenses of maintaining the organization, which has recently done such fine work in assisting to get the removal of the 10 per cent Sales Tax and the User's Tax.

Reference Bureau for Professionals

The demand for competent professionals on all classes of yachts has brought about the establishment of a reference bureau for masters, mates, stewards, cooks, engineers, etc., by the Yacht Masters' and Engineers' Association, of Massachusetts, with headquarters opposite the yard of the George Lawley & Son Corporation, at Neponset. The Association has voted to extend its facilities to non-professionals by admitting those interested in the work as associate members.

The Chicago Yacht Club One-Design Eagles

We show a painting herewith of the new one-design Eagle Class of the Chicago Yacht Club. These boats are 20 feet long on the water, about 30 feet over all, and about 5 feet draft. Some seven or eight of them have been ordered and they should prove very popular. The sails are by Burrows, of New York.


KERMATH
K-12
"A Kermath Always Runs"

Frank Campbell, Jr. off for the day in his Miss Larchmont II, a Consolidated Playboat, Speedway powered. Complete boat shown below.

Playboats

THE smartest small craft from Florida to Maine is the Consolidated Playboat, now a stock model with us.

A real cabin boat, remarkable for sea-worthiness, comfort, simplicity and economy of operation together with high speed.

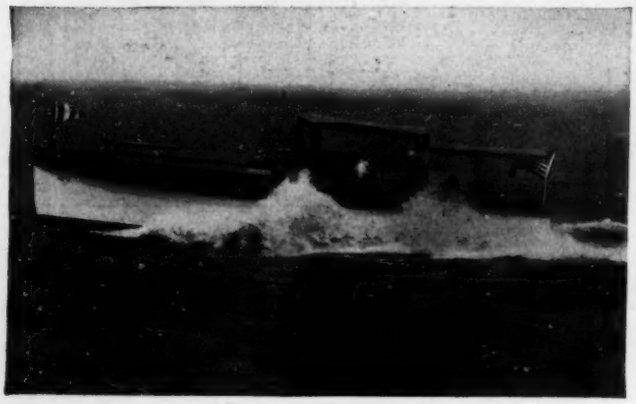
Having one-man control and powered with a model MR Speedway Engine of 180 H.P. it is an ideal boat in any water for fishing, day sailing or short cruises.

Immediate delivery can be made on Playboats, subject to prior sale. To avoid disappointment, write or wire your reservation today.

Descriptive literature on Playboats or other types of boat sent on request.

CONSOLIDATED SHIPBUILDING CORP.
MORRIS HEIGHTS NEW YORK CITY

Note accommodations for day sailing, including forward cock pit, and simplified "one man" control.



A Thousand Miles in a Sixteen-Footer

(Continued from page 39)

In the meantime we were forced to spend a pleasant week with the Campen's, waiting for the needed parts. We caught a 40-pound king salmon sneaking up the creek which emptied into the head of the cove, and unlimited quantities of Dolly Varden and cutthroat trout — big ones. We saw the creek bottom black with humpback salmon going up to spawn and watched black bear balanced on slippery rocks in midstream scooping out their suppers of fish. We chased them from the blueberry patches and regaled ourselves on vegetables from the homestead garden until it was with real regret that we found the time of our departure at hand.

At Wrangell we found the engine parts had not yet arrived, so leaving word to have them forwarded on to Petersburg, we continued on our way to a scheduled stop at a fox ranch. Here we arrived in a driving rain, and were held for two days. On the third day, with no break in the weather, we decided to continue on to Petersburg, where the engine parts were received. But at the fox ranch our host had made such excellent repairs that we decided to continue the run without putting in the new parts, and we finished the trip without having used them.

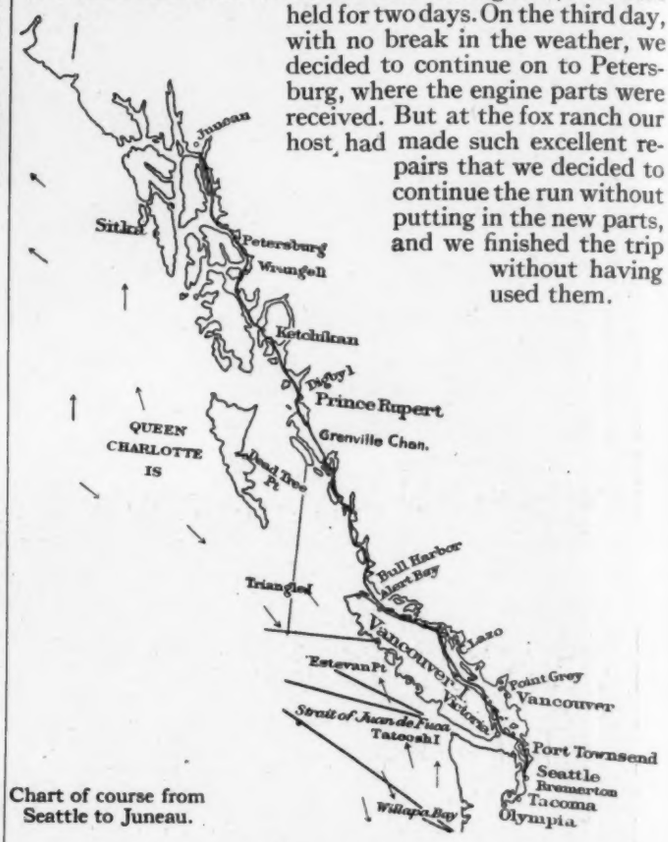


Chart of course from Seattle to Juneau.

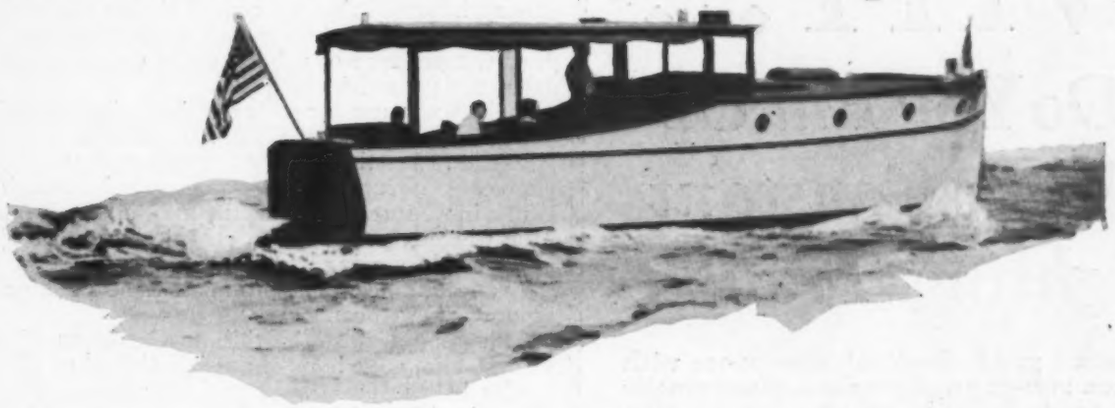
Above Petersburg Wrangell Narrows opens into Frederick Sound, and here we had our first view of Alaska as she is writ about. Several glaciers flowed down the mountain sides at our right into the Sound, and the water was dotted with glistening small icebergs, to one of which we ran and moored, while we broke off a piece to eat and wondered why the sea gulls who used them for landing stages did not suffer from frozen feet or chilblains.

In the afternoon on Frederick Sound we were overtaken by another fox rancher, who invited us to his home on Storm Island, off Cape Fanshaw, where we spent two more days of rain. Then on to Holkan Bay, to the home of another fox rancher, where we arrived at dark, with a cold wind blowing down on us from Sum Dum glacier and from small icebergs floating about. Impatient to land as we, Seregro added to the joy of the occasion by assisting my wife over the bow of the boat into water too deep and cold to be enjoyable. Supper was just on the table, and after supper we listened on the radio to the dance orchestra of the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco.

We staggered into Taku Harbor, 20 miles below Juneau,

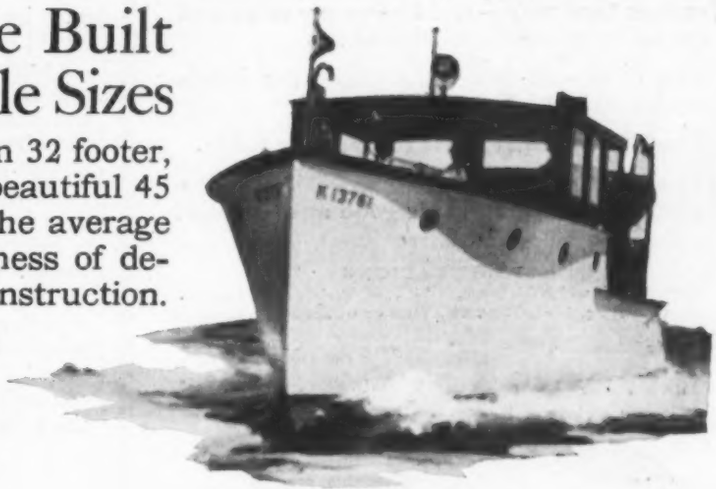
This medium sized cruiser is well built, economical as to upkeep and is very moderately priced. The accommodations are for four and six. With the Kermath six cylinder 65 H.P. medium duty marine motor ..... $5,800.

"The Dawn 32 Footer"

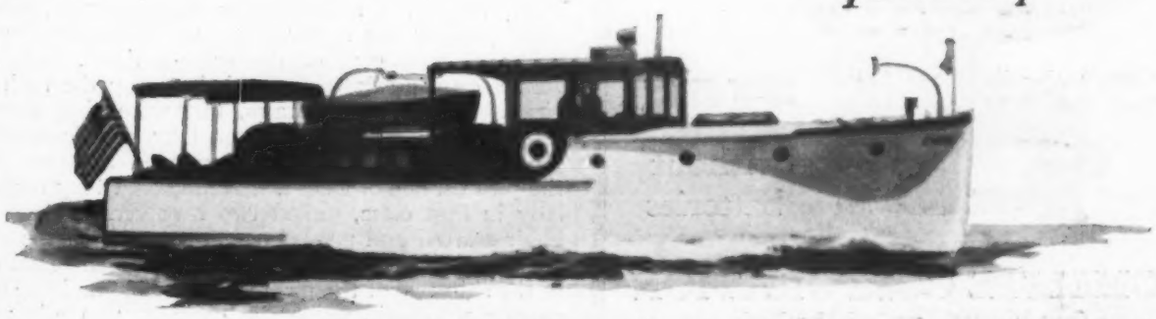


Dawn Cruisers Are Built in Three Dependable Sizes

You have as a choice the Dawn 32 footer, the custom built "38", or the beautiful 45 foot cruiser, which differ from the average standardized craft in completeness of details, and thoroughness of construction. Because a constantly growing number of yachtsmen demand the best, Dawn boats are built with many added refinements. As a possible boat owner or boat buyer we invite you to visit us if for no other reason than to make comparisons.



"The Dawn 45 Footer"



This beautifully fitted, capable, seagoing cruiser is of the bridgedeck type —cabins fore and aft with a crew's quarters. No particular has been slighted to make the 45 footer one of the finest craft to approach its size afloat. Complete with twin screw six cylinder 65 H.P. Kermath ..... $14,600.

DAWN BOAT CORPORATION

CLASON POINT · NEW YORK CITY

JUNE 1ST. DELIVERY ON THE 32 & 38 FT. MODELS

WHY...

Do You Put Up With Constant Lighting Trouble?

Haven't you had enough annoyance with those run-down batteries—those smelly oil lamps? Don't go through another season that way—end the agony once and for all by installing HOMELITE.

The only suitable light plant for boats under 60 feet in length.

The light plant that is 100% dependable.

The light plant that is in use all over the world because it *makes* good and *is* good!

SPECIFICATIONS

Length 21", width 14", height 21". *Weight:* 110 pounds. 600 watts. 12-32-110 volts. With or without batteries.

The portable electric light and power plant

$195 without batteries

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Walter H. Moreton Co. Boston, Mass. | Warren F. Meier Lakewood, Cleveland, O. | Harcol Industries Inc. New Orleans, La.

King Battery & Supply Co. Miami, Fla. | Delhi Battery & Supply Co. St. Louis

Fellows & Stewart Wilmington, Cal. | Hoffar Marine Const. Co. Vancouver, B. C. | Seattle Marine Equipment Co. Seattle, Wash.

There is a HOMELITE Dealer near you—let us arrange a demonstration

late the following afternoon, arriving there on the last "juice" in our battery. Purchasing a new battery at the cannery store there we continued on in spite of rain. It became too much for travel, however, and we headed in for Grand Island, where we knew there was a fox ranch.

Our approach to the bank was observed from the house and presently, as the engine stopped and we slid toward the beach, a woman hailed us and asked our business. Being informed that we craved shelter she told us there was none to be had there, and neither arguing, pleading, nor the presence of a baby could convince her that we were not potential poachers.

Night was not far off, or at least, because of the rain and fog, darkness was falling. Deciding to continue on to Juneau rather than to try to make camp under such disagreeable circumstances, we crossed the mouth of Taku Inlet in what seemed to us the most unpleasant portion of the whole trip. Rain, fog, cold, icebergs, a crying baby, hunger, the coming darkness and the uncertainty of what lay ahead, all combined to make the expedition about as glum as it well could be.

Plugging against the tide up Gastineau Channel, the Coast Pilot gave hope of possible shelter at Thane, a few miles below Juneau. When finally a long row of lights hove in sight, with more light on beyond which we knew must be Juneau, we concluded that Thane, the location of a gold mine then and now closed down, must be at hand.

Landing at the float at Thane I set out in a screeching rain in search of someone and soon rounded up a night watchman. He in turn routed out one Jim Sadlier, former head bookkeeper of the mining company, and Jim and the missus soon had us warm and cozy in their own home, with the unpleasant remembrances of the day obliterated by a bath, supper and a real bed.

Followed days and days of rain, which lengthened into weeks. The rainy season was on and our plan of continuing on to Skagway, another hundred miles, was abandoned. After a wait of two weeks in Juneau we disposed of the outfit which had carried us through three months and 1,000 miles of grief and thrills and set our course by steamer for Interior Alaska — via Seward and the railroad to Alaska's Golden Heart.

Recent Piracies in the China Seas

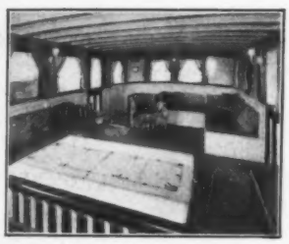
(*Continued from page 35*)

quarters. Some foolish official, or one in league with the pirates, opened the gate, and the pirates, mingling with the passengers, poured into the intermediate quarters. The pirates then rushed the companionways, several of them gaining the upper decks while the rest remained below to take care of the crowds there. Two Indian guards on the saloon deck tried to stop the rush as the pirates came up the stairs, but were shot down and thrown overboard. The other four guards were overpowered and disarmed. Three women appeared among the pirates, one of whom, traveling as a very respectable lady in first class, pulled two revolvers as soon as the affair started and proved a strong hand. In the struggle that ensued for possession of the bridge and final control of the ship two of the pirates were killed and one of these women wounded, while the captain, two other Indian guards, two Europeans, and one Chinese passenger were wounded. The captain, sitting on the main deck when the rumpus started, jumped instantly for the steps to the bridge, but was shot down by two pirates from behind, and then brutally assaulted where he lay helpless on the deck, receiving a severe wound on the head with a gun-butt.

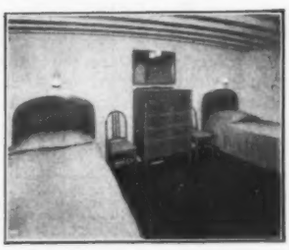
As soon as full control of the ship had been gained, the pirates locked all passengers in their cabins, and went at their looting systematically. The ship was turned off

(*Continued on page 96*)

ON BOARD
HOUSEBOAT "RASCAL"
December 10, 1925.
I was compelled to head into a terrific sea
for several hours before I could turn around
and run for Georgetown jetties. Everytime
the boat rose on a sea she would ride it
until the sea reached about midship and as
her nose dove into the trough her stern would
leave the water and then come down with a
terrible wallop as the sea passed under her.
The hull construction stood it fine. Her
planking and seams are all o.k. and her keel
is o.k. I think the hull construction is
fine and I don't know of any house boat that
would have gone through it as well as she did
She was hard to steer and keep headed into it
but she took a good beating and never showed
a sign of it except for her steering gear.
Respectfully,



Above—
View of Deckhouse looking aft



Right—
View of Stateroom

The Captain ought to know!

THE "Vitesse", pictured above, admirably exemplifies the staunch, rugged seaworthiness which Staples, Johnson & Co. build into all their boats. The "Vitesse" is 67′ x 16′ 9″ x 3′ 6″. Six cylinder Murray and Tregurtha motor, 100–120 H.P. Speed 11 miles. Unusually heavy construction throughout. White oak frame and keel. Planking of Oregon cedar.

Two New Houseboats—Exact Duplicates of the "Vitesse"—Available for Fall Delivery

Luxuriously appointed — completely equipped. 2 double staterooms and 2 single staterooms with beds. Captain's stateroom and 3 berths forward for crew. 2 divans in deckhouse. Running hot and cold water throughout. Three toilets, bathroom. Coal range with auxiliary kerosene burner. Kelvinator ice machine. 4 k.w. Universal Electric Set. Power tender, dinghy and life raft. Other equipment includes linen, silver, china, etc. Write today for illustrated folder.

Price $37,500
(With twin screw, $40,000)

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Biddeford, Maine — Yard on Saco River

1849 Quality **SANDS** 1926 Service

Fixtures made to give satisfaction—Small upkeep cost—Repairs and parts obtainable, that are interchangeable years after installation

Plate F-1045—The "Huron" pump water closet, vitro-adamant oval hopper bowl; **five-inch** combined supply and waste pump with automatic safety handle grip supply; Sands patent backwater check valve. Pump finished cellu-white, nickel-plated trimmings, mahogany seat and cover. . **$260.00**

Plate F-1046—Same with cellu-white seat and cover. Add **$3.50**

Space occupied, 25" x 22". Supply, 1"; discharge, 2½".

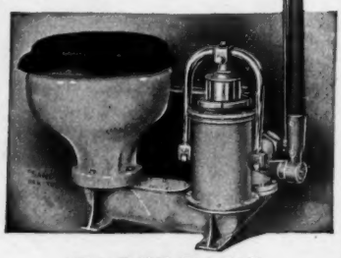


Plate F-1045 (Patented)

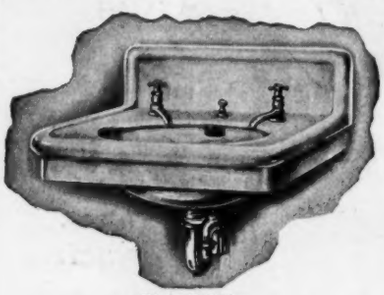


Plate F-567

Plate F-567 — The "Majestic" vitro-adamant lavatory with overlap slab, integral back, "Sanos" overflow, concealed hanger, enameled painted bulkhead supports, N. P. brass self-closing faucets with china indexes marked "Hot" and "Cold;" "Improvo" pop-up waste, N. P. cast brass full "S" swivel trap. Price **$51.00**

Dimensions: Slab, 21" x 19"; basin, 11" x 14"; rear outlet; back, 6" high.

Plate F-407 (Copyrighted)

Plate F-407—The "Sanwood" Folding Lavatory with Vitro-Adamant roll rim basin with N. P. copper lining, china soap dish, N. P. tooth brush holder, N. P. brass pump with combination swing supply faucet, N. P. hinged guard rail, N. P. brass towel rack, N. P. brass supply and waste couplings and N. P. trimmings. Polished Quartered Oak **$75.00**

Plate F-408 — Genuine Mahogany **$80.00**

Dimensions: Height 19", width 18½", depth when closed 6", depth when open 18". Oval Basin 15" x 12". A new, pleasing, and well constructed fixture.

Plate F-599

Plate F-599 — The "Mono" 12" vitro-adamant **corner** lavatory with integral back, basin, and overflow. N. P. brass bulkhead screws and washers. N. P. brass basin pump. N. P. brass chain stay, chain with rubber stopper. 1¼" N. P. cast brass full "S" trap. **$34.00**

Plate F-2020

"Granby" Round Way Sea Cock with "Alton" thru-hull connection and intake strainer. Non-corrosive composition metal.

Plate F-2021

"Granby" Sea Cock with "Carlton" Outlet thru-hull connection. Non-corrosive composition metal.

	Inlet	Outlet
No. 1— ¾"	$4.25	$4.00
No. 2—1"	6.00	5.75
No. 3—1¼"	9.00	8.75
No. 4—1½"	11.00	10.75
No. 5—2"	19.00	18.50

Plate F-1061 (Patented)

"Crusoe" Pump Closet. Vitro-Adamant hopper bowl. 2¼" supply and waste pump. Pump rough, oak woodwork. Price **$49.50**

IMPORTANT! All openings through hull below water line should be fitted with "Sands" Seacocks. "Correctly Made."

Largest Manufacturers in the World of MARINE PLUMBING FIXTURES

A. B. SANDS & SONS CO. 22-24 Vesey Street NEW YORK, U. S. A.

American Canoe Association Meet on Lake George

(*Continued from page 48*)

right outside the door, the Turtle Island project was discussed and — how could it have been otherwise! — adopted.

Steadily since October the plans have progressed until now practically every detail has been considered and the necessary provisions made. The work of the several committees, all constantly coördinated by the commodore, has been brought as near completion as the time permits. Regatta plans, under the direction of Frank Baldwin as chairman of the Regatta Committee, now permit the publishing of a complete list of sailing and paddling races. Besides the usual speed races, National and International Championships, there will be a dozen or more novelty events, the "Hurry Scurry," "Overboard," "Canoe Filling" and the like.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION

NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS

Turtle Island, Lake George — August 14 to 28, 1926

SAILING RACES

Monday, August 16th — Measuring and Inspection of Canoes and Sails.
Meeting of all racing men.
Tuesday, August 17th — Event 1. Sailing Canoes. Course: Twice around Dome Island. 6 Miles.
Event 2. Cruising Canoes. "All Outdoors" Trophy Race. Course: Once around Dome Island. 3 Miles.
Wednesday, August 18th — Event 3. Sailing Canoes, Crane Trophy.
Event 4. Cruising Canoes.
Event 5. Sailing Canoes, Paul Butler Trophy. 6 Miles.
Thursday, August 19th — Event 6. Record combined, both classes.
Event 7. Sailing Canoes — 1st heat.
Friday, August 20th — Event 8. Cruising Canoes. Trophy — 1st heat.
Event 9. Sailing Canoes. "Mermaid" Trophy.
Monday, August 23rd — Event 10. Sailing Canoes. Trophy — 2nd heat.
Event 11. Cruising Canoes. Trophy — 2nd heat.
Event 12. Record Sailing.
Tuesday, August 24th — Event 13. Sailing Canoes. Trophy — 3rd heat.
Event 14. Cruising Canoes — Trophy.
Wednesday, August 25th — Event 15. Sailing Canoes. "Mab" Trophy.
Event 16. Cruising Canoes. Gardiner Trophy.
Thursday, August 26th, and Friday, August 27th — For Postponed or Added Events.
Paddling Races, August 20 and 21st.

[A camp circular, containing detailed information about races, camp sites and accommodations, transportation of canoes and many other matters of interest to participants, will be ready shortly. Meantime special information may be had by those canoeists planning to attend the meet by writing to Commodore Carl T. Hatch, Calvert Building, Baltimore, Maryland. — ED.]

Baby Gar VI Wins Fisher-Allison Trophy

(*Continued from page 41*)

Baby Gar IV developed engine trouble. However, before the completion of the lap, she was again pressing the leader. In the twelfth lap, both Wood boats lapped the *Adieu* and in the sixteenth, passed her again. On the back stretch of the seventeenth lap *Adieu* drew off the course with a burned bearing.

The *Baby Gar VI* was less than three lengths ahead of the *Baby Gar IV* as the two boats crossed the finish line. The winner's speed for the 50-mile heat was 40.529 miles an hour, her elapsed time being 1 hour, 14 minutes, 1¼ seconds.

Although the only two remaining boats in the second 50-mile heat were the *Baby Gar VI* and the *Baby Gar IV*, the former, which again came in the winner, covered the course at a better average speed than in the first heat. The *Baby Gar IV* held doggedly to the heels of the *VI*, often taking the lead, until the beginning of the twentieth lap, when her motor ran hot and stopped. The time of the *Baby Gar VI* for the 50 miles was 1 h., 12 m., 27 s.

A New Achievement in Design

The "Kyle 38" Standardized Cruiser Gives the utmost in Yachting Satisfaction

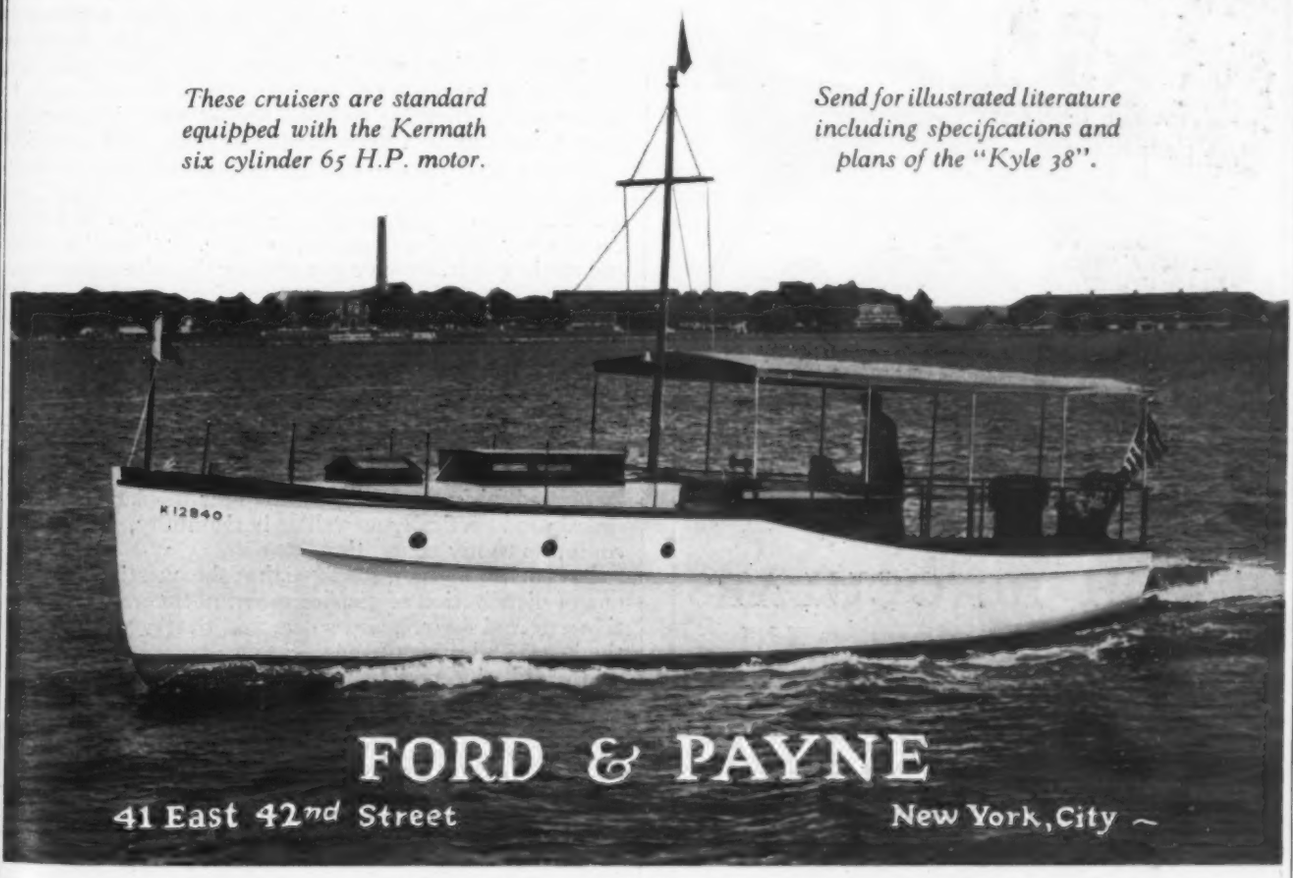
—And the lowest possible price in keeping with quality obtains!

The "Kyle 38" is ideal for motor cruising, as it has splendid accommodations, large flush decks from which the craft is steered and controlled, thus providing the helmsman with an unobstructed view so essential when cruising in shoal waters.

Notable features that lend these handsome cruisers an added reputation among experienced yachtsmen are the spacious main cabin where six may sleep in separate berths, an excellent galley well appointed for a long cruise and a large pleasant after deck.

These cruisers are standard equipped with the Kermath six cylinder 65 H.P. motor.

Send for illustrated literature including specifications and plans of the "Kyle 38".



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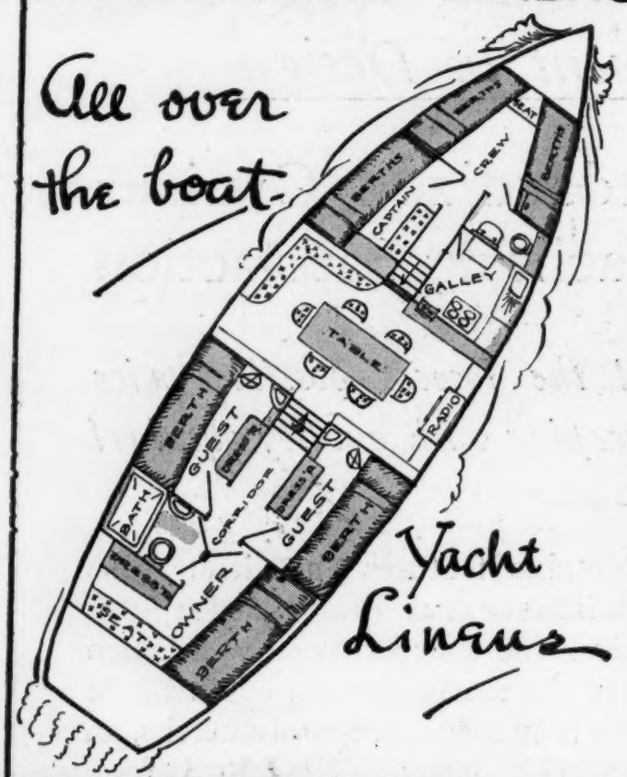
All over the boat-



Yacht Linens

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Keels or Centerboards

(*Continued from page 46*)

she was reluctant to heel any farther but simply converted the extra energy of a passing squall into added speed. It seems that there is something here worth considering. And herein may lie, in part explanation, the remarkable performance of *Alice* when crossing the Gulf Stream in a norther. But there lies a danger in this parallelism, especially if carried to an extreme. For I have come to the conclusion that the first principle in designing an offshore vessel, of whatever type, is that she must have enough buoyancy in her middle third, to ride a single steep wave and, with both bow and stern clear of the water, maintain a reasonable amount of freeboard amidships — say a foot in the case of a vessel of about 52 feet long. Excessive parallelism at the expense of the full rounded beam, will not meet this condition. You may argue that this very steep wave is not an "ideal wave." But you do not always meet with the "ideal" wave offshore. You will find waves upon waves, sometimes with deep valleys between, and oftenest when it is imperative to have free ends! In reading the accounts and studying the lines of the famous clipper ships, of which so much has been written during these last years, I have often speculated as to how much drier and how much abler they might have been, possibly with an *increase* rather than a decrease of ultimate speed, had some of the parallelism of their middle thirds been converted into additional easy rounding beam. And therein, to a large extent, no doubt, lay the extraordinary virtues of the splendid *Cutty Sark*, which has managed to survive to this day. For it was said of her, in contradistinction evidently to her contemporaries, that nowhere along her hull could one lay a cane and find contact but at one point. No doubt, the horned cattle of those days were largely wet-waisted due merely to over loading, but we are told that even when moderately laden, most of them had a wicked habit of bucketing up huge seas over their lee rails. Commercially, a rounded beam vessel whose bilges necessarily would have to be slackened to an appreciable degree as the beam was increased, in order to save her spars and gear, probably would not be a success. For she would be rather more expensive to build and at a possible sacrifice of carrying capacity. Yet this may be a debatable question.

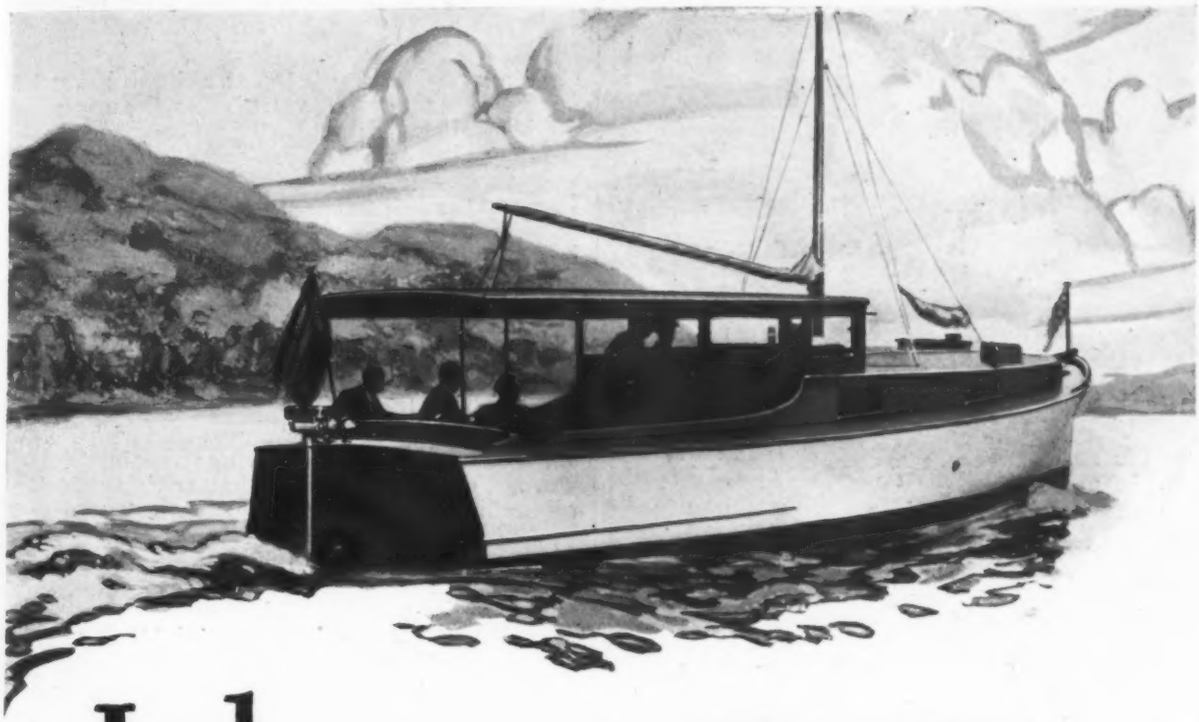
But we are now considering yachts for offshore work where seaworthiness, comfort, ultimate safety and, not much less than these, speed, are the essentials. So I come back to my premise of the steep wave, or "test" wave as one might call it. At once you will say that the centerboard craft easily can be designed to conform to this requirement. But she can do so only by means of carrying excessive beam and being very much on top of the water and so not having any great holding power, or, as in the case of *Alice*, by approaching the keel type. But not having the keel, she sacrifices sail area. It becomes evident then, if my small theory lies anywhere near the truth, that the out-and-out keel vessel, wherein her mid-section with ample beam and fairly slack bilges allows for displacement well distributed vertically as well as horizontally, more nearly conforms to my contention.

In conclusion then, I believe that the question is largely one of distribution of displacement, not merely comparative external figures, and so we find that a comparison of the beam and draft of the yachts we have been having in mind, while interesting, is not altogether conclusive.

Reduced to a length of 52′ over all, we have: —

Whim, beam, 13′3″; *Cythera*, 8′6″ (which I believe explains the reason for her failure); *Alice*, 13′7″; *Windjammer*, 14′5″; *Diablesse*, 15′6″; *Diablesse*, curiously enough, being beamier than the center boarders.

I have said nothing about *Windjammer* as I know less of her on paper, than *Alice;* but I wouldn't mind, at all, making a voyage offshore in either of them.



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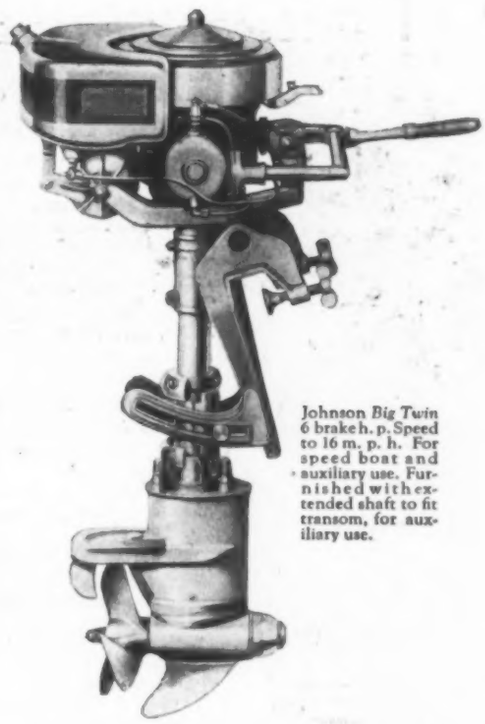

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Extracts from the Captain's Log of the *Ross-Shire*, on Passage from Calcutta to London

(*Continued from page 51*)

Calm after a fearful gale from south-southwest (the center of a hurricane). 1 A.M. the wind came away from northeast, light at first, then freshened up rapidly. Fortunately I had expert officers and a good crew, also seven able apprentices, which helped matters considerably. Heavy seas rolled on board, causing several of the seamen to be washed along the deck; still all hands got yards hauled round in time to put ship on starboard tack. Barometer 29.26. 2 A.M. blowing from northeast at hurricane force, ship with nothing but lower mizzen topsail set with yards not quite braced up. All the yards on the fore and main well checked in so they would point to the wind, thus offering as little resistance as possible.

6 A.M. Still blowing a hurricane with torrents of rain and a mountainous confused sea, ship with lee bulwarks under water, otherwise behaving splendidly. Noon, same weather continuing, but barometer rising, 29.38. 6 P.M. rain taking off but still blowing hard. 10.30 P.M. barometer 29.44, wind abated somewhat, bent a new fore topmast staysail and set it, also set fore and main lower topsail and kept vessel away on her course, southwest, and set reefed foresail.

Feb. 29th, 27° 51′ S. long., 46° 33′ east. Barometer rising, now 29.70. Midnight, still blowing a gale from northeast. 4 A.M. reef out of foresail and set upper topsails. 8 A.M. Barometer rising and gale abating, set lower and upper topgallantsails and main royal. Noon, barometer 29.90. Wind east, set all sail.

We must have got the hurricane on the recurve — that is, turning south between the Mauritius and Madagascar — supposedly owing to the very high land on the latter island.

March 1st. Barometer normal with moderate wind from east-southeast. From then on had light to moderate winds to Cape Agulhas, passing it fairly close on the 10th.

Spoke the Liverpool ship *Majestic*, from Calcutta to London. She had left Calcutta 20 days ahead of us. Came up alongside of her and asked if she wanted any assistance as she was showing on a blackboard "Crippled entirely and wishing to be reported all well." She was jury-rigged forward — main topgallantmast gone, main topmast head gone, crossjack yard and lower mizzen topsail yard down. Probably put up forward as she appeared to have a foretopgallant mast up for a foretopmast.

March 24th. Moderate southeast trades. Passed St. Helena at 11 P.M. 28th. At 9 A.M. sailing close along west side of Ascension Island, found chronometer correct, putting vessel in same place as cross bearing. Asked signal station on shore to report us all well, also reported the *Majestic*, as desired by her captain.

April 3rd. Had light winds for the last few days, crossed the Equator today in 22° 15′ W., calms and light southeast winds, with much rain at times. Light airs continued to 5° N., when we got moderate northeast trades. When in the southeast trades rattled and tarred down the standing rigging, also holystoned the main deck and cleaned all paint work ready for painting. In northeast trades painted yards and masts, also bulwarks and houses, then oiled main deck and poop, so that vessel would arrive in port looking like new. In those days the crew's, petty officers' and apprentices' quarters were all cleaned and painted on passage home.

May 4th. After light trades and gentle southerly winds, sighted Scilly Islands on this date. From Scilly Islands right up the English Channel, we had to beat the whole way, the wind coming from east-northeast to east-southeast, secured tugboat at Beachy Head and docked in Victoria Dock, London, on May 13th, after a passage of 109 days.

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1 **It is standard equipment on the country's most** popular boats. A recent order from the ELCO Works was the largest ever placed for this size of marine motor.

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SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE LITERATURE

Gauntlet Goes A-Seeking

(*Continued from page 31*)

The breeze stayed in the old quarter, however, making the entrance to the harbor a dead thrash. Norman's Woe and Round Rock Shoal were in the way, and though they proved to be no great obstructions they looked bad on our small chart, so the old unreliable engine was called on again. While the skipper sweat and said things to the engine, the ship made a point midway between the Rock and the Shoal, then refused to do any more under the foresail. Once, twice, thrice the engine started, flattered to deceive, and stopped. At last, with Norman's Woe close under the quarter, two schooners coming out before the faint fair breeze, and time flying too, the engine said loudly and unmistakably that its day's work was done.

Up all sail again, except the jib. Omitted to mention that the jib sheet pennant carried away in the first burst of wind off the Cape, so could use jib only on one tack. It mattered little, since the old ship beat up the harbor quite nicely under mainsail, foresail, and forestaysail. A couple of rum chasers looked us over as we blew in, but did not bother us. At 6.30 we dropped the hook off Rocky Neck, and cleaned, ate, and slept the clock around. Dave and the skipper got out the brass polish, but it was only a gesture. Starboard watch was tired, port watch was weary. With plenty of chain out and a riding light on the stay all hands let the brasswork go until morning.

In Gloucester we saw the fine schooner yacht *Zodiac*, and wished we owned her. She left soon after we arrived. In the morning, Saturday, May 16th, Dave really insisted on first doing the breakfast dishes, then getting to work on the brasswork. Said brass had not been cleaned since last fall. It was green. But when the skipper returned from a tour of the shipyards, seeking a haul-out, behold! Binnacle like the sun, wheel like the stars, hatch slides and companionway sill like unto the moon in autumn! And then Dave, wise man, packed his grip and went off to Boston for a reunion with the brethren of Sigma Chi, promising to be back on Monday.

Shipyards in Gloucester are busy. Schooners come in and out incessantly. We were promised a haul for Monday. Monday came. No haul. Dave came back as promised. Went back again before he could take the tarnishing brass to heart. Tuesday, no haul. The week passed by just like that. Promises? Plenty of 'em. Another Monday came and went, and yet no haul-out. But this night our dinghy was stolen while the crew were at a show, and they came off in the police boat.

Up to the time that a search of the docks and harbor end resulted in the recovery of the dinghy, unhurt and intact but bearing signs of hard usage, there was no sign of getting hauled out. But since all evil must end, we had just secured a promise from another yard of a turn after the *Cachalot*, when, about midday Tuesday, the 26th, a dory was seen rowing out, with one man, and he told us he was to tow us in.

That single-handed tow proved a joke. No single oarsman could move old *Gauntlet* against a stiff head breeze. After almost fouling the Lunenburger *Araminta* in the stream, we got the foresail on and sailed to the slip, just about making it without damage, and finally hauling out on Steele & Abbott's railway and getting snugged down by 7 o'clock.

It will be a pleasure in the ensuing pages to repair any bad opinion of Gloucester the above experiences may have engendered in the mind of yachting sailormen.

As for the shipyard people, when they started they made a job of it. Painting took half a day, but tide was gone then. So the paint had a chance to dry that evening and night; then, at full tide in the afternoon of Thursday, May 28th, around 3 o'clock, the cradle rushed us down to the water again, and we lay at the wharf end clearing up for sea and Nova Scotia. (*To be continued*)

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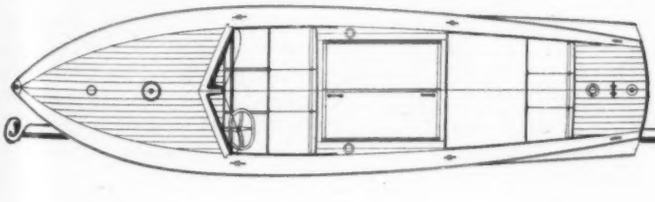

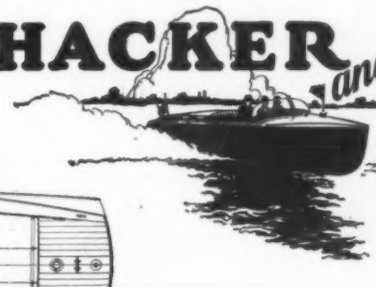

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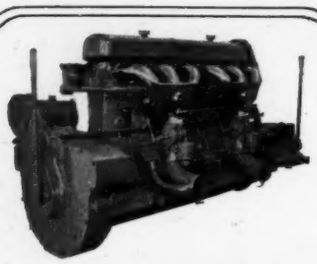

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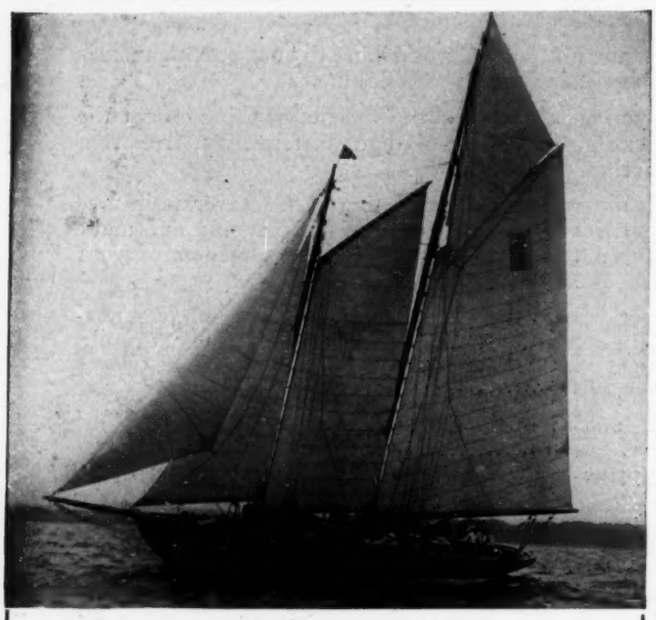

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Recent Piracies in the China Seas

(*Continued from page 86*)

her course to the open sea outside Hongkong, while the work of sacking continued all night. Early next morning the pirates transferred themselves and their booty, to the value of over $50,000, to a fleet of junks awaiting them, and sailed away leaving the *Sui An* to find her way back to Hongkong as best she could. Suspects of the piracy were later arrested and shot, but there is no certainty that the real perpetrators of the deed were ever caught, and faces that became familiar to passengers and crew on the *Sui An* during that fateful night have been identified in other piracies since.

But piracy takes every form imaginable, and for old-time daring and audacity it would be hard to beat the show that was put on just a few days before the author left Canton for America. The final particulars of the affair were not yet to hand, but what occurred was something like this: Shekki is a rich center in the delta in good travel communication with Canton and Hongkong by the native passenger boats. Three of these Shekki passage boats, traveling to Hongkong in convoy for protection and strength against pirates, were stopped by the Chinese gunboat *Kong Tai*, of the type shown in the illustration, ostensibly for legitimate government inspection of arms. But immediately the passage boats had come alongside the gunboat, they were boarded by armed soldiers and thoroughly looted in the good old style, losing all their valuable arms, cash, and passengers' personal effects. Three passengers were taken for ransom. The person of Lam Choy, a notorious bandit and pirate chief of the Shekki region, was seen directing operations from the gunboat, and this fellow's connection with the Chinese gunboat mystified the victims. As soon as news came to Shekki of the treacherous affair, the Canton government was flooded with telegrams and messages of every sort demanding restitution and official action. In the meantime news of further depredations by the gunboat began filtering in, and the Canton government was as much at its wits' ends as the terrorized districts among which the pirates were now working.

What had really happened was this. The *Kong Tai's* crew, being several months in arrears of pay, were readily won over as confederates of a large pirate band under the leadership of Lam Choy. While the gunboat was proceeding up the river one day, her disgruntled crew suddenly mutinied. The surprise was so quick and complete that in a very few minutes the captain, first mate, engineer, wireless operators, and loyal members of the crew, in spite of their superior numbers, were securely locked below. The mutineers then made for Lam Choy's pirate nest, where 300 of his men were waiting. Lam immediately took command of the *Kong Tai*, taking on a large crew of his desperadoes, and they let go on all the river shipping like a wolf among a flock of sheep. Launches were seized, which were commandeered by the rest of his gang for further work, and a regular pirate fleet opened operations.

And so the piracies continue. Precautions of every kind imaginable are being taken, but still conditions get worse, and a skipper and his officers never know when it will be their turn next. The fact is that as long as the government is unstable piracy will continue to increase. What the future will be, no one can say. A group of silk junks too heavily armed for direct attack were recently blown to bits by mines placed in the river, and their valuable cargo was then seized by the pirates. They will stop at nothing. They are a long suffering people, but some time they will have had enough suffering between the upper and nether millstones of mercenary armies and ruthless bandits, and there is indication that salvation may come through a popular movement of the masses themselves.

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FOUR out of FIVE

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If you have tender bleeding gums go to your dentist immediately for treatment and use Forhan's regularly. The chances are your own dentist will recommend it. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid dentists use to combat pyorrhea.

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FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . *IT CHECKS PYORRHEA*

Thirty Miles an Hour in Three Inches of Water

(*Continued from page 54*)

was unhitched while Post started his Curtiss OX–5 90–h.p. motor and warmed it up. As the boat took the water and the throttle was opened, the *Whistler* leaped forward at 30 miles a hour. Down the river and up again she ran and then when her performance had been observed the time came to get her back to land.

There was a touch of the dramatic in the way the trial concluded. *Whistler's* nose was put toward the edge of the solid ice and the ski bobs were slid under. With a pull from men on the ice and with accelerated motor she climbed out of the water. The helpers rushed out of the way, and as lightly as a plane taxiing along a flying field, the *Whistler* propelled herself to shore across the slippery ice.

At that time *Whistler* was still in the rough, but on her official launching last spring at Quogue, L. I., observers were able to see that she was something more than a shallow box with a fan perched on top of it. Her hull was of conventional V-bottom construction, put together with all the care that is devoted to the building of an airplane body, trussed at critical points to give strength with lightness. The bottom was double-planked to withstand buffeting at high speeds, the planks being laid at a 30-degree angle, with fabric between. .

The motor, supported on struts on the after deck, swung an 8-foot walnut propeller, completely protected by wire screening. For cooling, the usual type of motor car radiator was employed, thereby eliminating salt water corrosion and the risk of clogging the pipes and jacket with mud or sand when in shallow water.

The rudder, the most unusual feature of the craft, hung on outriggers in the propeller's air blast and entirely clear of the water. Trial soon proved that it gave a delicate control unapproachable with rudders of the usual type. Nevertheless, the rudder had one shortcoming, being inefficient at slow speeds. This deficiency has since been overcome by use of a rudder of air and water type which automatically functions in one element or the other as speed conditions require.

For the sake of stability, the hull was extremely beamy and to prevent squatting it was flatter than usual aft. But these departures from standard hull practice did not jar the observer's preconceived notions of what the proportions of a boat should be, and not by any stretch of the imagination could *Whistler* be called freakish.

By Sneakbox to Florida

(*Continued from page 80*)

months and a half. But this time we were in Biscayne Bay, and our sheltering island was not the wild kind which usually provided us with sheltered harbors; it had a stone wall around it, the trees were laid out in a harsh pattern, and there were stucco houses here and there with electric lights peering forth from the shrubbery. And beyond the island a stream of automobiles and trolley cars were crowding across a causeway with a monotonous honking and clanging not at all like the pleasant sounds of the marsh hen; and at the end of the causeway the lights of Miami blazed upward into the sky, leaving the masts and rigging of a score of schooners silhouetted in the glare.

The Coleman lantern slid off the deck with a splash and a gurgle, then a little stream of bubbles appeared as we both peered over the gunwales; even the Coleman knew that the cruise was over. A few days later the *Sheldrake* slipped out of the inlet at Miami Beach, past the crowded bathing beach and through the fleet of ships awaiting entry. Three miles at sea the massive *Kroonland* lay at anchor in the Gulf Stream, about to get under way for New York. As the *Sheldrake* luffed up alongside Frank sprang from the cockpit and in a moment was running up the gangway. The cruise was over. But next year, or the year after, Frank and I — well, who can tell?

Old Dominion Boat Club

At the annual meeting of the Old Dominion Boat Club, of Washington, D. C., held on April 7th, the following officers were elected to serve for 1926: President, J. Earle Ross; Vice-President, E. E. Carver; Secretary-Treasurer, J. T. Preston; Captain, J. S. Douglas; Board of Governors, John M. Reed, L. O. Miller, William S. Snow, C. W. Fannon, and Philip Heishley.

A Correction

YACHTING regrets very much that in the advertisement of A. B. Sands & Son Co., 22 Vesey St., New York City, which appeared in our February issue, the wrong cut was used to illustrate their "Winner" closet, which lists at $39.75.

You'll never know till *you* try it

A good many old-fashioned persons think these advertisements are published merely to promote the sale of Barbasol.

They have a far nobler purpose.

What we are really trying to do is to help millions of our fellow men get out of a rut.

Barbasol will lift you out of the shaving past and send you singing to success!

1 — Wash the face
(but leave it wet)

2 — Spread on Barbasol
(but don't rub in

3 — Shave

N.B.: No brush. Also n.r.i.: no rub-in. The full-bodied creamy Barbasol holds every hair straight up against the reaper, and swish, swish — how *nice* you look this morning!

Barbasol leaves the natural oils right in the skin — takes nothing away but the whiskers.

Select a dime from your small change pocket, fill out the coupon and mail it to us, and we send you the generous trial tube. Use Barbasol 3 times according to directions. Then you'll know why Barbasol's the Modern Way of Shaving.

Barbasol
For Modern Shaving

COUPON

The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

I enclose 10c. Please send trial tube and I'll give it a fair trial.

Name.....

Address.....

Y-5-26